

MANCHESTER BY THE SEA

Written & Directed

by

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EXT. MANCHESTER HARBOR -- SEA. DAY.

A small commercial fishing boat heads out of Manchester, Massachusetts, toward the open sea. JOE CHANDLER, late 30s, is in the wheelhouse. In the stern are LEE CHANDLER, Joe's younger brother by five years, and Joe's son PATRICK, about 9 years old. Lee and Patrick are kidding around in a friendly way while Joe steers.

SEVEN YEARS LATER -- THE PRESENT

EXT. BOSTON -- QUINCY -- APARTMENT HOUSE. DAY.

It's a cold winter day on a narrow street.

In front of a small apartment building, LEE sweeps away the old snow on the pavement, then sprinkles salt in front of the building. He is 40 now, wearing janitor's coveralls under his weatherbeaten winter jacket.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Lee works on a leaky toilet while MR MARTINEZ, 50s, a big man in an undershirt and glasses, stands by watching.

MR MARTINEZ

I don't know why the hell it keeps dripping. All night long, drip, drip. I've had the fucking thing repaired ten times.

LEE

You need a new stopper.

MR MARTINEZ

Oh is that it?

LEE

See how it's rotted around the edges? It doesn't make a seal, so the water drips into the bowl. I can bring you a new one tomorrow, or you might want to consider replacing the whole apparatus.

MARTINEZ

What do you recommend?

Lee starts putting away his tools and cleaning up.

LEE

Well, I could replace the stopper first, and if that doesn't work, then I would come back and replace the whole apparatus.

MARTINEZ

But you don't have a professional recommendation?

LEE

It's really up to you.

MARTINEZ

Well, tomorrow I got my sister-in-law coming over with my nephews ...and I gotta take my car in...

Lee waits while Mr Martinez works out his schedule.

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

He organizes the trash cans and recycling in the basement.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY. DAY.

He vacuums the hall with an industrial vacuum cleaner on a fifty foot yellow extension cord.

EXT. QUINCY -- ANOTHER BUILDING. DAY.

A different apartment building on a similar street.

INT. MRS GROOM'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Standing on a ladder in a small grandmotherly apartment, Lee changes a light bulb in the very small bathroom. MRS GROOM, 70s, is on the phone outside the open bathroom door.

MRS GROOM

(On the phone)

No, it's my sister Janine's oldest girl's bat mitzvah...No, I look forward to being bored to death... No, the girl doesn't want it, the father doesn't want it. I don't ask. Seven hours in the car, I could really slit my throat...Oh, well, the little girls are charming.

EXT. QUINCY -- A SLIGHTLY MORE UPSCALE STREET. DUSK.

A marginally more upscale building.

INT. BATHROOM. DUSK.

Lee looks down at a stopped-up toilet. Behind him is MARIANNE, slender, 30s, attractive, wearing everyday around-the-house clothes.

MARIANNE

I am so sorry. This is so gross.

LEE

It's all right.

He plunges her toilet carefully and methodically.

LATER -- He wipes up the floor. Marianne comes in.

MARIANNE

Oh Lee, you don't have to do that, honestly.

LEE

That's OK.

MARIANNE

Well -- God. Thank you so much, I am so sorry.

LATER -- He is washing his hands in her bathroom sink. He hears Marianne talking on the phone O.C.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

No, tell him to come! ... Okay, yeah ... But Cindy, I have to tell you something. I'm like, in love with my handyman. Is that sick? ... Have you ever had a sexual fantasy about your handyman? ... Well, it's awkward because he is literally like, cleaning the shit out of my toilet bowl right now. And I don't think I'm at my most alluring ... Yeah, maybe you're right. It's not like I met him socially ... Okay thank you Cindy. You're a really good friend ... OK like twenty minutes. 'Bye!

IN HER SMALL LIVING ROOM -- He comes out of the bathroom. Marianne is now dressed up to go out. She looks great.

LEE

All set.

MARIANNE

Thank you *so much*. Can I give you a tip?

LEE

You mean, like a suggestion?

MARIANNE

(Taking out a ten)

No -- I mean -- like, a *tip*...

LEE

That's all right. Have a good night.

MARIANNE

Oh, please. I'd feel bad.

LEE

(Takes the money)

OK, thanks a lot. Good night.

MARIANNE

Good night! And thank you *so much*.

INT. MRS OLSEN'S BATHROOM. DAY.

Lee is down on his hand and knees. MRS OLSEN, 40s, in a bathrobe, is very good-looking but bad-tempered and nervous.

MRS OLSEN

How many times do we have to fix these fucking pipes? Every time I take a shower their entire apartment has a flood. It's driving me insane.

LEE

I'll bring the plumber tomorrow but I'd say we're gonna have to break through the tile and try to isolate the leak, because there was quite a lot of water --

MRS OLSEN

But how do you know it's me? Why is it automatically me?

LEE

Because if it was coming from higher up you'd have water damage on the ceiling too, and maybe in your wall, and it's all dry.

MRS OLSEN

Great.

Lee looks at the bathtub.

LEE

It might just be the caulking. This whole tub needs to be re-caulked. Did you take a bath or shower in the last couple of hours?

MRS OLSEN

Yes...

LEE

Well, it could actually just be that.

MRS OLSEN

OK. And how are you planning to find that out?

LEE

Well, we could turn on the shower and see if it drips downstairs...

MRS OLSEN

You want me to take a shower now?

LEE

No...

MRS OLSEN

You want me to take a shower while you stand there watching, to see if the water drips down into the Friedrich's apartment?

LEE

I don't really give a fuck what you do, Mrs. Olsen. I just want to find the leak.

Mrs Olsen goes white with shock and fury.

MRS OLSEN

No, you can get out of my apartment and don't ever come back.

LEE

OK.

MRS OLSEN (CONT'D)

How dare you fucking *talk* to me like that? Get the fuck out of my house before I call the *police!*

LEE

You're blockin' the doorway.

INT. MR EMERY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

The building manager's office. MR EMERY is in his 50s. Lee sits in the chair before the crowded desk.

EMERY

What the fuck's matter with you?
You can't talk to the tenants like
that!

Lee shrugs.

EMERY (CONT'D)

Look, Lee. You do a good job.
You're dependable. But I get these
complaints all the time. You're
rude, you're unfriendly, you don't
say good mornin'. I mean come on!

LEE

Mr Emery, I fix the plumbing. I
take out the garbage. I paint their
apartments. I do electrical work --
which we both know is against the
law. I show up on time, I'm workin'
four buildings and you get all the
money. So do whatever you're gonna
do.

EMERY

Would you be willin' to apologize
to Mrs Olsen?

LEE

For what?

EMERY

All right, all right, I'll talk to
her.

Lee gets up to go.

INT. A LOUD QUINCY BAR. NIGHT.

Lee drinks alone at a small, crowded neighborhood bar.

AT THE BAR -- Lee is waiting for service. Someone bumps a
CUTE GIRL, 30s, into him. She spills some beer on Lee.

GIRL

Oh my God, I'm sorry! Did I
get you? Yeah. Lemme get a
napkin. Lenny, could I get a
couple of napkins? (Gives Lee
some napkins.) Here you
are...

LEE

That's OK. I'm OK...

LEE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GIRL

Well, now I spilled beer all over you, my name's Sharon.

LEE

That's OK.

GIRL

And you are...

LEE

Lee.

She gets the message that he is not interested. He pats himself dry, not looking at her.

LATER --

The bar is far less packed. We see SHARON across the room, talking to a girlfriend. At the bar, Lee is drinking alone. He's pretty drunk by now. He is looking at two BUSINESSMEN, 40s. One of them notices and mentions it to the other. They look at him for a moment then ignore him. He gets up and walks toward them. They are surprised at his approach.

1ST BUSINESSMAN

How you doin'?

2ND BUSINESSMAN

How you doin'?

LEE

Good. I'm good. Can I ask you guys, have we met before?

The two men look at each other then back at Lee.

1ST BUSINESSMAN

I don't think so.

2ND BUSINESSMAN

I don't think so either.

LEE

So you guys don't know me?

1ST BUSINESSMAN

No...
No.

2ND BUSINESSMAN

No, Yeah. No. Do we?

LEE

Well then what the fuck are you lookin' at me for?

2ND BUSINESSMAN

Excuse me?

LEE

I said why the fuck are you lookin'
at me?

1ST BUSINESSMAN

Sir, we really weren't
looking at you --

2ND BUSINESSMAN

Hey! Take a fuckin' walk. Hey
-- Paul -- No -- don't
apologize to this asshole--
(To LEE) Take a hike!

BARTENDER

(Hurrying over)
Hey, Lee...Lee...!

Lee HITS the 2nd Businessman and knocks him into a wall.
Several pictures fall and smash on the floor.

BARTENDER

Oh, goddamnit --

Lee punches the 1st Businessman's nose. He falls back and
grabs his face, blood streaming from both nostrils. The 2nd
Businessman and Lee swipe at each other.

1ST BUSINESSMAN

You broke my fuckin' nose!

2ND BUSINESSMAN

Goddamn lunatic --

The BARTENDER leaps over the bar and grabs Lee from behind --
Other guys join in to break it up.

BARTENDER

Lee! Lee! Lee! Enough!

VARIOUS VOICES

Break it up! Break it up!

LEE

Lemme go. I gotta go take a hike.

General melee.

INT. LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Lee turns the light on and comes in. He is a little roughed
up from the fight.

At his dresser, Lee pulls on sweatpants and an undershirt.
There are THREE FRAMED PHOTOS in imitation silver frames
standing on the little dresser. We don't see the photos.

Lee sits on the sofa with a beer and turns the TV on to a
late-night sports program. Slowly he falls asleep. The can in
his hand tips slowly sideways and spills onto the sofa.

EXT. LEE'S STREET. DAY.

It's snowing. Lots of slow, heavy flakes, very pretty.

EXT. LEE'S BUILDING -- WINTER. DAY.

Lee is shoveling snow. The air is clear and cold. The whole street is beautified by the recent snow storm. His iPhone rings. He takes off his gloves. Digs out the phone.

LEE
Hello ... This is Lee ... Oh ...
When did that happen? ... Well, how
is he? ... OK. Uh...No. Don't do
that. I'll come up right now ...
OK. Thank you.

He hangs up and goes inside with the shovel, leaving the snow before the building only partially cleared and salted down.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

Lee sits behind the wheel, trying to get out of Boston and onto Rt 1. North. He's talking on his iPhone.

LEE
(Into his iPhone)
Mr Emery, it's Lee again. I
contacted Jose, who says he can
cover for me til Friday night at
least, and then Gene MacAdavey can
take over till I get back. I'll be
in Manchester at least a week or
two. I'll call again when I have
more information. Goodbye.

He hangs up and drives into increasingly heavy traffic.

LEE (CONT'D)
Come on, come on.

The traffic slows. He becomes increasingly anxious.

EXT. RT. 128 -- LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

Lee's car takes the exit for Beverly.

EXT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. DAY.

Lee drives through the grounds of a big modern hospital. He knows exactly where he's going. He parks and gets out. He walks quickly to the main entrance, then breaks into a run.

INT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. DAY.

We lead/follow Lee as he walks quickly through the halls toward the ICU, easily navigating the twists and turns from habit. He goes into the ICU --

INT. ICU -- NURSE'S STATION -- CONTINUOUS. DAY.

-- and approaches GEORGE, around 50, a big weatherbeaten guy, and NURSE IRENE, 40s. They both react as Lee approaches.

GEORGE
Hiya, Lee.

LEE
Is he dead?

George's eyes fill with tears. He makes a helpless gesture.

NURSE IRENE
I'm sorry, Lee. He passed away about an hour ago.

LEE
Oh.

NURSE IRENE
I'm so sorry.

Lee looks at the floor, hands on his hips. Nurse Irene gives his arm an awkward squeeze. Lee stares into the middle distance for a moment.

LEE
Did you see him?

GEORGE
Yeah. I mean -- No --

NURSE IRENE
George br --

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I brought him *in*.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
...We were lookin' at the boat this mornin', and he just -- I don't know, he just, like, fell over. I thought he was kiddin' me at first. Then I called the ambulance ...and uh -- that was it.

Lee shakes his head, still staring at the floor.

NURSE IRENE
I'll just call Dr Muller and tell him that you're here.

LEE
Where's Dr Betheny?

NURSE IRENE
Oh, she's on maternity leave. Oh
here he is.

DR MULLER, 40s, has just joined them.

DR MULLER
Lee? I'm Dr Muller. We spoke on the
phone.

LEE
Yeah. Hi.

DR MULLER
I'm very, very sorry.

LEE
Thank you.

DR MULLER
Hello, George.

He shake hands with George.

GEORGE
Hiya Jim.

DR MULLER
How you holding up?

GEORGE
Oh -- Great! You know.

DR MULLER
Well...it's a very sad day.

GEORGE
Yeah.

George starts to cry. He looks down and wipes his eyes.

LEE
Where's my brother?

DR MULLER
He's downstairs. You can see him if
you want.

LEE
What happened?

DR MULLER

Well, you know his heart was very weak at this point, and it just gave out. If it's any comfort, I don't think he suffered very much. I'm sorry you didn't get here in time, but as I told you on the phone --

LEE

Aw, fuck this. (He looks at the floor. Long pause. He looks up.) Sorry.

DR MULLER

That's perfectly all right.

GEORGE

That's OK, buddy.

LEE

Did anybody call my Uncle?

DR MULLER and GEORGE glance at each other.

GEORGE

Their Uncle Donny.

LEE

Yeah, my Aunt and Uncle. Somebody shoulda called them. What?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, Lee -- Lee, no --

GEORGE (CONT'D)

-- Donny got a job in Minnesota, like --

LEE

Minnesota?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

-- awhile ago. Yeah: He got a job with some outfit in Minnetonka, Minnesota, if you can believe that. Joe didn't tell you about that?

LEE

No.

GEORGE

I can call 'em if you want, Lee. And tell 'em what happened.

LEE

OK. Thanks...

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR.

Dr Muller and Lee ride down very slowly.

LEE
How is Dr Betheny?

DR MULLER
Oh, she's doing very well. She just had twin girls.

LEE
Oh yeah. Irene told me.

DR MULLER
Apparently weigh about eleven pounds apiece. So she's gonna have her hands full for a while...I'll call her this afternoon and tell her what happened.

LEE
She was very good to him.

DR MULLER
Yes she was.

EIGHT YEARS AGO --

INT. JOE CHANDLER'S HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

JOE CHANDLER is lying in the hospital bed. There's a close resemblance between him and Lee.

ELISE, Joe's wife, the same age as Joe, pretty, anxious and high-strung -- stands near to STANLEY CHANDLER -- Lee and Joe's father, 70s. He sits in one chair. LEE sits in another.

They are all listening to DR BETHENY, 30s. She is small, intense, very serious and focused and level-headed, but thoroughly well-meaning and decent.

DR BETHENY
The disease is commonly referred to as congestive heart failure --

ELISE
Oh my God!

DR BETHENY
Are you familiar with it?

ELISE
No...!

JOE
Then what are you sayin' "Oh my
God" for?

ELISE
Because what *is* it?

JOE
She's tryin' to explain it to us,
honey. I'm sorry, Dr Beth...uh...

DR BETHENY
Betheny:

JOE
I'm sorry. I can never get it
right.

DR BETHENY (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it. Not a
problem.

STAN
So, you were saying, Dr Beth.

JOE
It's Dr Betheny, Dad.

LEE
Dr Betheny, Daddy, try to get
it right..

ELISE
It's a comedy routine!

JOE
Would you let her tell it?

STAN
Elise, please...

ELISE
Oh my God: When am I gonna put one
foot right?

JOE
Honey, for Christ's sakes!

ELISE
How about a hint?

Stanley takes Elise's hand and holds onto it.

STAN
Elise...Sweetheart...Let's just let
her explain the situation to us...

LEE
Daddy...

STAN
What? She's fine. We're all upset.
We're all gonna listen, then we're
gonna ask everything we wanna ask,
and then we're gonna figure out
what do to, together. Right?

JOE

Right.

DR BETHENY

It's a gradual deterioration of the muscles of the heart. It's usually associated with older people, but in rarer cases it will occur in a younger person. Some people can live as long as fifty or sixty years with just an occasional attack. But most people suffer periodic episodes, like the one you had on Monday, which mimic the symptoms of a heart attack and which further weaken the muscle. They can put you out of commission for a week, two weeks. And you'll need to be hospitalized so we can monitor your heart, because the risk of cardiac arrest is elevated for a week or two.

ELISE

Oh my God.

STAN

(Pats her hand)

OK...OK...

DR BETHENY

But in between these episodes, most people feel perfectly healthy and you can basically live a normal life.

JOE

So...What do you mean that some people live as long as fifty or sixty years? You mean total? Or from when they're diagnosed with this, or what? And tell me the fuckin' truth.

DR BETHENY

Total.

Everyone is stunned into silence, even Elise.

DR BETHENY (CONT'D)

For approximately eighty percent of patients your age the most common statistical life expectancy is five years or less.

Elise grips Stan's hand. Lee looks at the floor.

JOE

Wow.

DR BETHENY

But the statistics vary widely, and they're just statistics. You're not a statistic, you're just one person, and we don't know what's going to happen to you yet. But it's not a good disease.

JOE

What's a good disease?

DR BETHENY

Poison Ivy.

ELISE

(Rising)

I do not see where the humor lies in this situation.

STAN

Elise, you must calm down.

JOE

Honey, please...

DR BETHENY

I'm sorry. I'm really not trying to --

LEE

(To Dr Betheny)

Don't -- it's fine.

Elise pulls her hand away from Stan and waves "No" at them.

ELISE

No. No more -- I'm not gonna --

STAN

Elise, let's get you a glass of water --

ELISE (CONT'D)

No m -- No.

LEE

Daddy. Forget it.

JOE (TO LEE)

Hey, shut up.

ELISE

Yeah, forget it. Forget it like you -- No, you know what? I'm tired of bein' the bad guy here.

JOE

Jesus Christ! Who's in the fuckin' hospital?!

STAN

Nobody th --

INT. ELEVATOR.

Lee and Dr Muller ride up again in silence.

INT. BEVERLY HOSPITAL. ICU. FLOOR. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

The ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS. Lee and Dr Muller come out and walk to the Nurse's Station, where IRENE and GEORGE wait.

LEE

I gotta get up to Manchester.
Nobody told Patrick, right?

DR MULLER

No -- you had asked us to wait for
you to get here --

LEE

(On "us")

Yes -- Thank you. So...What is the
procedure now?

DR MULLER

Well -- You should make
arrangements with a funeral parlor,
and they pretty much take care of
everything.

LEE

I don't know the name of one.

DR MULLER

We can help you with that.

NURSE IRENE

Yeah.

LEE

And they come up and get him?

DR MULLER

Yes.

NURSE IRENE

Yes.

GEORGE

I'll make those calls, Lee --

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Lemme know if you need any
help with anything.

LEE

OK. And -- OK. Thanks. And --
Yeah. Plus I gotta call you
about the boat, and the web
site. All that shit.

GEORGE
Sure. I'm around.

LEE
OK. I better get up there before
school lets out.

DR MULLER
You just have to sign for Joe's
belongings.

Nurse Irene takes Lee around to the nurse's station so Lee
can sign for Joe's belongings.

SEVEN YEARS AGO --

EXT. THE SEA -- JOE'S BOAT. DAY.

Autumn. LEE, JOE and 8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK are on JOE'S BOAT.
The Cape Ann coast is in the distance. The boat is rigged for
whale-watching and deep sea fishing charters. Lee discreetly
keeps a hand near the rod as 8-Year-Old Patrick trolls. Joe
is at the tiller. He's looking thinner but better.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK
Like that?

LEE
Yeah, only keep your thumb off the
line, 'cause if you get a strike
it's gonna slice it right open. And
you know what happens then.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK
What?

LEE
The sharks are gonna smell that
blood and rip this boat apart.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK
No they won't. Dad, will they?

JOE
Oh yeah. I seen a school of sharks
tear a boat to pieces like it was
made of cardboard, just 'cause some
kid threw a band-aid in the water.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK
No you didn't.

LEE

Sometimes the only way to keep 'em off is to throw the kid directly in the ocean to distract 'em.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Shut up. Sharks don't even swim in schools.

JOE

Is this kid smart or what?

LEE

Yep. And a really smart kid is exactly the kind of quality meal a humongous school of sharks is lookin' for when they're circlin' a boat.

PATRICK

Uncle Lee! Shut up!

Patrick's REEL starts SPINNING OUT with a thrilling whine.

LEE

Strike! Strike!
Ease up on the drag --
And watch that fuckin' thumb!

JOE

Look out, look out!
You got a strike!
Ease up, ease up!

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

(Hits him)

No swearing!

Patrick loses his balance. Lee catches him and props him up.

LEE

Don't hit *me* -- ! Catch the fish! We're doin' fine. (To Joe) Just drive the boat. Patty, pull up sharp! Come on, buddy! There you go! (To JOE) Mind your business!

JOE

What are you guys doin'? Hook the fish! Get the hook in him before he -- ! I'm drivin' the goddamn boat. Get that hook in him!

Lee helps Patrick pull the rod back sharply a few times.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

What kind of fish is it?

JOE

Gotta be a great white, Patty -- Maybe a barracuda --

LEE

Feels like a great white shark to me.

8-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Shut up!

Patrick is ecstatic with nerves and excitement.

THE PRESENT --

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING)/RT. 128 NORTH. DAY.

Lee drives up the highway.

EXT. THE OCEAN -- MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA. DAY.

FROM THE OCEAN -- We see the wealthy summer resort clinging to the Cape Ann winter coastline.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

Thru the windshield, Lee sees the MANCHESTER EXIT approach. He takes the exit.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR/MANCHESTER. DAY.

Lee drives past the old houses of the little town.

SEVEN YEARS AGO --

INT. LEE'S MANCHESTER HOUSE. DAY.

Evening of the same day as the fishing scene. Lee comes into his small house and takes off his wet things. In the living room, his daughter SUZY, 7, is watching TV. A fire is crackling behind a fire screen. A radio is playing O.S.

RANDI (O.S.)
Hello?

LEE
Hi honey! (To the girl) Hi, Suzy.
Daddy's home. (Pause) Hi, Suzy.
Daddy's home.

SUZY
Hi Daddy.

LEE
Hi, sweetheart.

He bends down to kiss her. She hooks her arm around his neck and pulls him off balance, her eyes locked on the TV screen.

SUZY
Hug.

LEE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, you're breakin' my neck.

He kisses her and she releases him.

RANDI (O.S.)
Lee?

LEE
Yeah, hiya!

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

RANDI, Lee's wife, 30s, is in bed with a cold. She is tough, loving and sarcastic. The room is littered with Kleenex and cold remedies and clothes. KAREN, 5, is playing with colored plastic blocks on the floor. There is a CRIB in a corner.

LEE
Hi honey.

RANDI
You have a good time?

LEE
Yeah, really good. Where's your mother?

RANDI
They just left.

LEE
Oh no.

RANDI
Yeah, she really missed you.

LEE
There's always next time. Did you sleep?

RANDI
Oh, yeah. It's always restful when my mother's here.

LEE
That's too bad. Hi Kary.

KAREN
Hi Daddy.

LEE
(Picking her up)
Hello sweetheart.

KAREN
Put me down.

RANDI

Fuck off.

He tries to kiss her. She turns her head.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Get away from me.

They kiss. She claps his hand onto her breast.

RANDI (CONT'D)

No, don't, stop, I'm sick.

They kiss some more. She shoves him away.

RANDI (CONT'D)

OK, get offa me.

Lee goes to the CRIB. Inside is STANLEY, 8 months old, awake and placid, waving his limbs at a multicolored mobile.

LEE

Hi Stanny. How come you're not cryin'?

RANDI

Let him alone. He's been quiet for half an hour.

Lee picks the baby up.

LEE

Half an hour. What is that about? Take it easy. (To the baby) Hiya buddy. You are very handsome.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Oh Lee, please don't pick him up!

If he's not makin' any noise, leave well enough alone.

LEE

"Leave well enough alone." That's what me and Mummy shoulda done instead of gettin' married.

RANDI

(Opens her magazine)
Just shut up.

LEE

...but then you wouldn't be here. And neither would your sisters. And I could watch the football game in my own livin' room. That's right, I could.

RANDI

Go fuck yourself.

Lee kisses the baby and puts him back in the crib.

LEE
See? I didn't make him cry. 'Cause
I know how to handle him.

RANDI
How was Joe?

LEE
He's all right. You know? He's
doin' all right.

RANDI
And you didn't run outta beer? You
got through the day OK?

LEE
Oh yeah. We were very temperate.

RANDI
I don't know why you guys bother
gettin' on the friggin' boat.

LEE
Because we love the sea.

LEE (CONT'D)
I only had eight beers over a seven
hour period. That's approximately
one point four two somethin' beers
per hour.

RANDI
No, it's almost like a normal
person stayin' sober.

LEE
I told you I was cuttin' down.

Lee starts to get undressed.

RANDI
What do you think you're gonna do?

LEE
I guess I'm gonna take a shower.
Randi, I swear to God. You shoulda
seen the look on Patty's face when
he caught that fish. It was like
takin' Suzy on the merry-go-round.
It was like -- pure happiness.

She smiles at him. Lee crawls across the bed.

RANDI
Get away. I'm sick. I'm deeply
sick.

They kiss. Karen plays on the floor. The baby waves his arms.
The TV can be heard from the other room.

LEE (V.O.)
He's not at school?

THE PRESENT --

EXT./INT. MANCHESTER -- PINE STREET/LEE'S CAR. DAY.

Lee drives into town, talking on his cell phone.

<p>LEE I thought school let out at three o'clock -- What? I'm sorry. My cell phone -- what?</p>	<p>PAUL (O.S.) I'm pretty sure he -- I'm pretty sure he woulda -- That's all right. I'm pretty sure he woulda left for hockey practice by now.</p>
---	--

EXT. MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL. DAY

Over an establishing shot of the big school building we hear:

LEE (O.S.)
He's on the hockey team?

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL, the vice principal, 40, is on the phone. His ASSISTANT,
50s, is on her computer nearby. WE CUT BETWEEN PAUL AND LEE.

PAUL
Yeah, he's doin' real well, too.
How's Joe doin'? He gonna be OK?

LEE
He's fine. Where's the practice at?
The school?

PAUL
No -- It's in Gloucester.

<p>PAUL (CONT'D) It's at the Gloucester -- That's OK. Can you hear me? We play with the Rockport team. But they're the lead team.</p>	<p>LEE It's not at school? What? I'm sorry -- This phone is -- Yes. I understand --</p>
--	--

LEE (CONT'D)
OK, thanks, Paul. I gotta go.

PAUL
Sure thing. Give Joe my regards,
will you?

LEE
I will.

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS.

PAUL hangs up.

PAUL
Joe Chandler's in the hospital
again.

ASSISTANT
Oh my gosh...Oh my gosh. That poor
man has had more trouble...

PAUL
Yep.

ASSISTANT
Who was on the phone?

PAUL
That was Lee Chandler.

ASSISTANT
Lee Chandler?

PAUL
The very one.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR/RT 128 NORTH. DAY.

Lee drives. The SIGN for GLOUCESTER and ROCKPORT is up ahead.

INT. GLOUCESTER MIDDLE SCHOOL -- HOCKEY RINK. DAY.

The Rockport/Manchester team is having practice. PATRICK is on the ice. He is just 16, skinny, athletic, long-haired. He is bright, practical, pugnacious. The HOCKEY COACH, 40s, is shouting instructions. PATRICK checks another KID against the boards. They start fighting. They're evenly matched but Patrick is kind of wild. The COACH yanks Patrick off the other kid.

HOCKEY COACH

OK, break it up! Break it up! You!
Chandler! One more time and you are
OUT. Understand me?

Patrick sees LEE in the stands, over the coach's shoulder..

PATRICK

Aw, fuck me.

HOCKEY COACH

What's that, Chandler?

PATRICK

Aw, fuck my fuckin' ass.

HOCKEY COACH

OK, you are *out!* You're *benched!*

PATRICK

(To himself, skating away)
Ask me if I give a shit.

HOCKEY COACH

What's that? What's the matter?

Patrick skates over to Lee. The Coach sees Lee and hesitates.
A small scrappy kid named JOEL skates up, followed by CJ, a
big handsome athletic kid. These are Patrick's friends.

JOEL

That's his uncle.

CJ

His dad must be in the hospital.

HOCKEY COACH

Whose dad? Chandler's?

CJ

He's got congestive heart
failure. Patrick's dad, I
mean. Not Patrick.

JOEL

...He only comes up when Mr
Chandler's in the hospital.

Some other kids skate up and are watching Patrick and LEE.

HOCKEY COACH

That's Lee Chandler? *The* Lee
Chandler?

CJ

Yeah, but you know that stuff about
him's bullshit, Mr Howard.

JOEL

Yeah, that story's bullshit.

HOCKEY COACH
You guys wanna watch the language?

Sorry. JOEL Sorry. CJ

Across the rink, Lee is talking to Patrick. Patrick is kicking up little shards of ice with his skate. The Coach notices that all the kids have stopped to watch.

HOCKEY COACH
OK, Everybody wanna mind their own business? Five minute break. That means *five!*

The kids break up, marginally. The Coach skates over to Lee and Patrick. They talk briefly. The Coach puts a well-meant but sentimental hand on Patrick's shoulder. Lee goes back up the aisle.

CJ and Joel skate over to Patrick. He tells them. They react sincerely and with sympathy. They squeeze his shoulder, they each hug him. All the kids are watching again by now.

HOCKEY COACH (CONT'D)
OK, show's over! Let's line it up again! Come on, line up!

The kids start skating around, lining up at the blue line. Patrick breaks away and skates toward the exit by himself.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DUSK.

The winter sun is getting low. Patrick sports a semi-grunge garage-band look. Longish greasy hair, Army jacket, black T-shirt with some design on it, cargo pants maybe.

PATRICK
Oh well.

They pass a sign for MANCHESTER, BEVERLY and NORTH SALEM.

LEE
I gotta go back to the hospital and sign some papers. Do you wanna see him?

PATRICK
Him who? See who?

LEE
Your dad. Do you wanna look at him?

PATRICK
I don't know. What does he look like?

LEE

He looks like he's dead. (Pause) I mean, he doesn't look like he's asleep, or anything like that. He doesn't look gross...(Pause) You don't have to. I wanted to see him. Maybe you don't want that image in your memory. I don't know. It's up to you.

Patrick is silent.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR/HOSPITAL PARKING LOT. DUSK.

Lee pulls into a parking space. He looks at Patrick, who is looking slightly queasy.

LEE

What do you think? Should I take you home? Do you want me to decide?

PATRICK

Let's just go.

At the same instant Patrick opens his door to step out and Lee starts DRIVING. He slams on the brakes.

LEE

What the fuck are you doing?

PATRICK

I just said let's go inside!

LEE

No, you just said "Let's just go!"

LEE (CONT'D)

And then you get out of the car without telling me? What the fuck's the matter with you?

I coulda ripped your fuckin' leg off, that's my problem.

PATRICK

Yeah, I meant let's go *inside*. I meant let's just go *look* at him!

OK, OK! What's your problem?

OK! I'm sorry I misused the English language!

They get out of the car, both more subdued.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Uncle Lee.

LEE

I'm sorry too. I just got scared.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE.

NURSE IRENE and LEE stand by while Patrick looks at Joe.

PATRICK
OK. Thank you.

NURSE IRENE
Of course...

Patrick walks away. Lee and Dr Muller follow.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING)/R 128 NORTH. DUSK/NIGHT.

They drive in silence.

PATRICK
Well, that was a mistake.

LEE
I guess I gave you bad advice.

PATRICK
No...I decided...

EXT. THE SEA. DUSK/NIGHT.

WIDE ON THE COAST: A few headlights move through in the dark town.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- STREETS. NIGHT.

Lee's car drives through the narrow hilly streets.

INT. LEE'S CAR. (MOVING) DUSK/NIGHT. SIMULTANEOUS.

They drive in silence. Lee slows the car to a halt. The narrow street is blocked by an SUV by a big house. A visiting family is saying goodnight to a family in front of the house.

LEE
Come on...(Pause) Come on, come on!

He HONKS the HORN LOUD, TWICE. Everybody looks at him. The CAR DAD comes around to the driver's side of the SUV...

CAR DAD
Sorry! Sorry! Come on, guys...!

The others continue saying goodbye and chatting. Lee HONKS the HORN several times.

LEE
 Either get in the car or move
 it in the driveway!

PATRICK
 What's the matter with you?

The Car Dad turns around. The House Dad takes a step forward.

CAR DAD
 What's your problem, pal?

LEE
 Don't tell me to relax.
 You're sitting in the middle
 of the street. (HONKS)

CAR MOM
 We're leavin', we're leavin'!
 Sorry! (Kisses House Mom)
 I'll call you tomorrow. (To
 LEE) OK, OK, OK! In the car,
 kids!

PATRICK
 Would you stop it, Uncle Lee?
 It's the Galvins and the
 Doherties! Jesus!

CAR DAD
 You wanna play tough guy with
 me in front of all my kids?

LEE
 Oh. It is?

HOUSE MOM
 Goodnight kids! Come over any
 time!

PATRICK
 Yes! What's the matter with
 you?

CAR KIDS
 Goodbye! Thank you!

LEE
 I'm sorry.

CAR MOM
 Tommy, come on.

PATRICK
 (Waving out the window) Hiya
 Mr Doherty. It's Patrick
 Chandler. Hi Mrs Doherty...Mr
 Doherty! It's OK: It's
 Patrick Chandler!

CAR DAD
 Patrick? Is that you?
 Well, for Christ's sakes!
 Where's the fire?

Yeah, it's just me. Hi. Sorry
 about that. We're just late.
 How are you?

HOUSE MOM
 Hello, Patrick.

PATRICK
 Hi Mrs. Galvin. Hiya Mrs.
 Doherty.

HOUSE DAD
 Patrick? Jesus, what's the
 ruckus all about? How are
 you?

I'm OK. How are you? Sorry
 about that.

CAR MOM
 Oh for goodness sake...!

CAR DAD
 (Squinting)
 Who is that?

PATRICK	LEE
It's just my Uncle Lee. It's my uncle.	It's Lee Chandler.

CAR DAD

Lee?

There is instant awkwardness between them.

LEE	CAR DAD (CONT'D)
Hi Tom. Sorry -- I'm sorry: I didn't know you...	Oh. Hey, Lee...What's all the rumpus for?

CAR MOM	CAR DAD (CONT'D)
Hello, Patrick.	Well, keep your shirt on on...! I'm movin'.

PATRICK

Hi, Mrs Galvin.

Lee calls to the House Dad through Patrick's open window.

LEE	HOUSE KIDS
Hello, Jeff. Hello, Arlene.	Hi, Patrick! Hey, Patrick!

HOUSE DAD (Coldly)	PATRICK
Hey, Lee.	Hey guys. How's it goin'?

CU: HOUSE MOM. She pointedly refuses to answer Lee at all.

LEE

...Sorry about the ruckus.

HOUSE MOM

Patrick, how's your dad?

PATRICK

He's fine.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The car stops in front of the GARAGE of a small well-kept old clapboard house with lots of bare trees and shrubs around.

PATRICK

You gotta hit the bleeper.

LEE

I don't have the bleeper.

PATRICK

I'll do it. There's a code.

Patrick gets out and goes to open the garage door manually.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick come in and turn on the lights. The house is just as it was that morning. The Boston Globe sports section is spread on the sofa. One of Joe's plaid shirts is draped over the back of the chair.

PATRICK
Is it OK if some of my friends come over? I told 'em I would call 'em.

LEE
Go ahead.

PATRICK
Can we get some pizza? There's nothing to eat here.

LEE
Yeah. Sure. (Takes out his iPhone)
What kind do you want?

PATRICK
Any kind is fine. Thank you.

Lee takes out his phone. Patrick starts to text his friends.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick, Joel and CJ and SILVIE, who seems to be Patrick's girlfriend, are all sitting around in the living room. They are a bit awkward but well-meaning -- except Silvie, who is over-relaxed and too touchy-feely with Patrick.

SILVIE
At least he didn't suffer. It's worse for the family, but it's better for the person.

CJ
Well, he was a fuckin' great guy, Patrick, I'll tell you that.

JOEL
That's for sure.

CJ
I remember one time he took us all out in the boat? Like in sixth grade?

JOEL
I remember that.

I remember. And he says --

CJ (CONT'D)
And he made us wear life preservers? And I was like, "What's the difference, Mr Chandler? Boat sinks in this weather we're dead anyway." And he says "The life jacket's to make it easier on the sharks when you go over."

The boys laugh.

PATRICK
Yeah, he really liked those shark jokes.

JOEL
He was funny, boy.

SILVIE
Yeah, but he was gentle too, you know? (Strokes Patrick's hair) Like his son.

This piece of sentimentality embarrasses everyone but Silvie.

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN. SIMULTANEOUS.

Lee is at the table, halfway through a piece of pizza and a beer. He finishes the beer, gets another and heads into --

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Lee moves through the room toward the staircase.

CJ	JOEL
And there's this former starship captain -- this former starship captain, shut up --	<i>Star Trek</i> sucks. <i>Star Trek</i> sucks my ass.

SILVIE
How you doin', baby?

PATRICK
OK.

CJ
Star Trek is one of the pillars of modern entertainment.

JOEL
One of the pillars of modern entertainment is retarded.

CJ (CONT'D)
No it's not! Ask Patrick! Ask him! Moron!

JOEL
Read my lips. *Star Trek* is retarded. It's retarded.

SILVIE
I can't believe we're talking about
Star Trek right now!!

This effectively kills the conversation. She goes back to stroking his hair. LEE keeps going up the stairs.

PATRICK
I like *Star Trek*...

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee snaps on the lights and comes in. The room is tidy except for a few items: A coffee mug, an open book on the floor by the bed. Lee opens the bottom dresser drawer and takes out a pair of Joe's neatly folded pajamas.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on top of the bed, wearing Joe's pajamas, drinking beer and watching television. Patrick knocks and comes in.

PATRICK
Hey, Uncle Lee? Is it OK if Silvie sleeps over? Dad always let her.

LEE
Then what are you asking me for?

PATRICK
No reason. Thanks. (Pause) So -- Not that it would come up, but her parents think she stays downstairs when she stays over? So if it comes up for some reason, can you just say she stayed in the downstairs room?

LEE
I don't even know them.

PATRICK
Yes you do. It's the McGanns. Frank and Pat McGann.

LEE
That's Silvie McGann?

PATRICK
Yeah. So do you mind sayin' she stayed downstairs? Like if they call or something?

LEE
OK.

Patrick hesitates.

LEE (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to tell you to use a condom?

PATRICK

No...I mean -- Unless you really feel like it.

LEE

Is that what Joe would say?

PATRICK

No. I mean, yes. I mean, we've had "The Discussion" and everything.

LEE

OK.

PATRICK

Just lemme know if we're makin' too much noise.

LEE

OK.

PATRICK

Hey. Do you think I should call my mom? To tell her about Dad?

LEE

(Tenses)

I wouldn't, Patty. I don't think anybody even knows where she is...

PATRICK

All right. I was just curious what you thought. Anyway...Good night, Uncle Lee.

LEE

Good night.

Patrick surprises Lee by going to him and giving him an awkward hug. Patrick heads for the door.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on the bed.

SIX YEARS AGO --

INT. JOE & ELISE'S HOUSE. SUMMER -- DUSK.

The room is DARK except for the TV. Two little DOGS start BARKING. JOE, 9-YEAR-OLD PATRICK and LEE come in the house. They are muddy and dusty from playing softball. They drop the softball gear, start taking off their muddy sneakers, etc.

JOE

-- and now you're gonna sulk all night because you dropped the goddamn ball?

9-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

I'm not sulking.

LEE (To JOE)

Why don't you stop already?
You wanna stop?

JOE (To Lee)

Shut up! (To Patrick) If you would use a goddamn *baseball* mitt you wouldn't *drop* the fuckin' ball.

Why don't you kill him?
I think you should kill him.

9-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Shaddup, shaddUP, you stupid dogs! ELISE!

I don't need a baseball mitt.
I catch better without one!

Joe flicks on the LIGHTS. The small living room is trashed.

JOE

Ah, shit.

9-YEAR-OLD PATRICK

Dad! No cursing!

ELISE is PASSED OUT on the SOFA, her short nightie scrunched up underneath her. She's got no underwear on, so the men and 9-Year-Old Patrick can see everything. There's a half-empty bottle and a glass of liquor on the coffee table. Cigarette butts spill over the ashtray. Joe takes immediate control.

JOE

Lee, you wanna take Patty upstairs and get him washed up? Go on up, Patty. Everything's OK.

LEE

Come on, buddy.

POV LEE as he takes Patrick upstairs: Joe pulls down Elise's nightie. Looks at his shoe. There's a little dog shit on it.

JOE

Oh, come on.

POV LEE as Joe sees that the dogs have peed and crapped all over the floor -- a whole day's worth.

THE PRESENT --

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is lying in bed. He switches off the light. We can hear the ocean outside.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

SILVIE is asleep on Patrick's single bed. PATRICK is at his desk typing on his laptop. We see what he is TYPING:

"Dear Mom --"

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A clear cold day. The house has a nice view of the town.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Lee is dressed and seated at the table with a cup of coffee, talking on his iPhone.

LEE
 (On the phone)
 Beverly, Massachusetts ...
 Gallagher Funeral Home please ...

SILVIE comes through the kitchen door, dressed, very comfortable in the house.

SILVIE
 Morning.

LEE
 Hello.

Over the following she gets some juice and yogurt out of the fridge, some herbal tea, and puts on the kettle, while Lee watches her. Patrick enters, gets some cold cereal.

LATER -- They are all at the table. Lee is still on the phone.

PATRICK
 Pass the milk please.

LEE
 So but, I don't know what I gotta do to get his body from the hospital to your place, but they said ... Oh, OK...

SILVIE

Excuse me, Mr Chandler? I don't think Patrick needs to be here for this.

PATRICK

That's all right.

Lee gets up and goes out. Silvie puts a hand on Patrick's hand. We can hear LEE'S VOICE from the other room.

LEE (O.S.)

So why is it more to drive his body to Manchester? 'Cause you gotta take the highway for seven minutes? What do you charge if the hearse takes 127?

SILVIE

Jesus. Like *that's* his focus?

PATRICK

He's alright.

EXT. MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL -- HALL. DAY.

Lee's car stops in front of the school gate. Patrick and Silvie climb out from the back.

PATRICK

Thanks, Uncle Lee.

SILVIE

Thanks a lot, Mr Chandler.

He watches them walk toward the school, joining a general swarm of kids funneling to the school entrance.

INT. SCHOOL. DAY.

Patrick walks thru the halls. Various kids greet him with expressions of sympathy.

KID'S VOICE

Hey, Patrick. Sorry to hear about your dad, man.

PATRICK

Oh -- Thanks, man. Thank you.

He presses thru. Other kids stop him with condolences.

INT. ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT OFFICE. DAY.

HOCKEY COACH Mr. Howard is seated. Patrick stands.

HOCKEY COACH

We're gonna forget about the language. We're gonna forget about the fists. But I want you to take a few days offa practice. I don't want you on the ice. You got enough on your mind.

PATRICK

That's OK, Mr Howard. To tell you the truth, I could use the distraction --

HOCKEY COACH

The ice is not a distraction. When you're on the ice, you gotta be there. Take the week and we'll talk. And listen: I lost my dad right about your age. So I know what you're goin' through. So if you wanna come in and talk, or you just want somebody to spill your guts to -- or you just wanna throw the bull around, door's open.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR/MANCHESTER ESSEX HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

Lee picks Patrick up from school and they drive away.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DAY.

They drive through town.

PATRICK

You mind if I put some music on?

LEE

No.

Patrick turns the radio to some pop-rock station.

PATRICK

You like these guys? The lead guitar is weak but otherwise they're pretty good.

LEE

They all sound the same to me.

PATRICK

Where we going?

LEE

To see the lawyer.

PATRICK

What for?

LEE

We gotta read your father's will.

PATRICK

Can't you just drop me at home and tell me what it says in it?

LEE

Well, yeah -- except we're there.

They are approaching the Manchester's tiny business district.

EXT. STREET -- LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

They walk toward the little two story office building.

PATRICK

Who do you think he left the boat to?

LEE

I'm sure he left you everything.

As they go up the OUTDOOR STAIRWAY to the 2nd story office, We hear the SOUND of a PING-PONG game: Ka-POP, ka-POP, plus other growing sounds of voices and music. They take us to --

FIVE YEARS AGO --

INT. LEE & RANDI'S HOUSE -- BASEMENT DEN. NIGHT.

LEE is playing PING-PONG with TOM DOHERTY -- the CAR DAD. A bunch of his friends are drinking and making noise. Loud music. We spot JOE and GEORGE. Lee SLAMS the BALL.

LEE

Eat my fuckin' forehand, Tommy!

TOM

Once! That was once! He punts the ball sixteen times and now he's Superman.

LEE (CONT'D)

I got it workin' now. Just keep away from this quadrant and you won't go home in tears.

RANDI appears at the top of the basement stairs in a bathrobe. Everybody looks up at her, like little boys.

RANDI

Would you keep it down, you fuckin' morons? My kids are sleepin'.

LEE
I'm sorry, honey. (To the guys) I
told you guys to keep it down.

RANDI
Lee, you wanna get these
fuckin' pinheads outta my
house please?

THE GUYS
Yeah, Sorry, Ran/ I told you
guys to keep it down.

Randi leaves.

LEE
She can't talk that way to us.

TOM
Yeah. We're not pinheads.

EVERYBODY LAUGHS. Randi immediately appears again, furious.

RANDI
Hey! I'm not fuckin' around! It's
two o'clock in the fuckin' mornin'!
Get these fuckin' assholes dressed
and get 'em the fuck outta here.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -- WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Patrick sits, texting. An ASSISTANT types at her computer.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY -- SIMULTANEOUSLY.

WES, 40s, sits behind his desk across from LEE. Each holds a
copy of Joe's will.

LEE
I don't understand.

WES
What -- part are you having trouble
with...?

LEE (On "trouble")
I can't be Patrick's guardian.

WES
I understand it's a serious
responsibility --

LEE
No -- I mean -- I mean, I *can't* --

WES

Well -- Naturally I assumed that
Joe had discussed this with you --

LEE

No. He didn't. No.

WES

Well...I must say I'm somewhat
taken aback --

LEE

He can't live with me:

LEE (CONT'D)

I live in *one room*.

WES

But if you look -- Now, well,
if you look, you'll see Joe
provided for Patrick's
upkeep: Clothes, food, et
cetera...The house and boat
are owned outright...

LEE

I don't see how I could be his
guardian.

WES

Well, those were your brother's
wishes.

LEE

Yeah but I can't commute from
Boston every day until he turns
eighteen.

WES

I think the idea was that you would
relocate.

LEE

Relocate? Where? Here?

WES (CONT'D)

If you look at --

WES (CONT'D)

Well, yes. As you can see, your
brother worked everything out
extremely carefully.

LEE
But -- He can't have meant
that.

WES (CONT'D)
And if you -- Well, you can
see he's allowed up to five
thousand dollars to help you
with the move. There's a
small amount set aside for
you to draw from, as personal
income while you settle in --
assuming of course that you
accept...

LEE
What about Uncle Donny and Teresa?

WES
Well, they did come up. But Joe
didn't feel that Patrick really had
any special relationship or feeling
about them --

LEE
I don't understand.

Minnesota.
Minnetonka, Minnesota.

WES (CONT'D)
And now, I think you know
they've moved out to
Wisconsin, I believe..
Minnesota, that's right.
So...

Wes watches as Lee flips through the 3-page will as if
there's something he may have missed. After a moment:

WES (CONT'D)
It was my impression you've spent a
lot of time here over the years...

LEE
Just as backup. I came up to stay
with Patty whenever Joe was in the
hospital, after my dad couldn't do
it. We -- It was supposed to be my
Uncle Donny. I was just the backup.

WES
Well...I can only repeat, I'm
astonished that Joe never ran all
this by you, thorough as he was.

LEE
Yeah, because he knew what I would
say if he would have asked.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D)--

Lee stands outside waving and shouting goodbyes to the CARS
DRIVING AWAY. His friends respond with car horns and
apologies. Randi stands inside, wrapped in a bathrobe.

LEE (CONT'D)
 See Jupiter? Good night! Keep
 your eyes on the road! You
 see Jupiter? Keep your eyes
 on the road! Good night
 Tommy! Good night Joe! Sorry
 again! (To the Guys) See the
 North Star? There's the North
 Star, right there!

THE GUYS
 Good night, Lee! Tell Randi
 we're sorry! We're so sorry!
 Good night, etc.

TOM (O.C)
 Where?

LEE
 It's due north...!

A MOMENT LATER -- Lee shuts the front door, shivering in his
 shirt sleeves. He tries to kiss Randi. She turns her head.

LEE (CONT'D)
 I'll clean up in the morning, baby.

RANDI
 You see Jupiter you fucking
 asshole?

He laughs.

LEE
 Come on...

She lets him kiss her, then she goes off toward their
 bedroom. Lee shivers and rubs his arms.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY -- SIMULTANEOUS.

Lee is still staring at the will.

WES
 Lee...

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET -- MINI-MART. NIGHT.

Cheerfully drunk, LEE walks along the crunchy snow-covered
 sidewalk and into a mini-mart. It's a very cold clear night.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Patrick is still texting away in the armchair.

WES'S ASSISTANT
Patrick? Can I get you a soda or
anything?

PATRICK
No thank you.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. MINI-MART. NIGHT.

THROUGH THE WINDOW we see the clerk bag two six-packs, milk,
and some Pampers for LEE. Lee comes out of the store. He has
some drunken trouble zipping his parka as he heads home. He
doesn't notice the orange-red GLOW in the sky ahead.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

WES
Lee...Nobody can appreciate what
you've been through...If I can say
that. And if you really don't feel
you can take this on, that's your
right, obviously --

LEE
But who would get him?

WES
The probate court would appoint a
guardian in your place.

LEE
Like who?

LEE (CONT'D)
My Uncle Donny?

WES
I don't know -- No -- Not
necessarily. Especially, now
with the distance.

LEE
Who else would there be?

WES
Well...I don't know what's
happening with Patrick's mother --

LEE
 No. No. WES (CONT'D)
 I'm not sure where she is, or
 what her condition is -- But
 you can bet the judge would
 certainly look into it.

LEE
 ...No...Can't do that.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. LEE'S STREET. NIGHT.

Lee slows as he nears the turn to his street. He is looking
 at the FIERY SKY and FLASHING LIGHTS. He starts to run --

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee sits staring out Wes' window at the harbor.

WES
 There is Patrick to be considered.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. LEE & RANDI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The little HOUSE is COMPLETELY ON FIRE. Fire trucks and
 FIREMEN are pumping water into the blinding SMOKE. There is
 also an ambulance and police cars. TWO POLICEMEN are trying
 to control RANDI. She's in a nightgown smeared with smoke and
 water. She thrashes violently to shake them off so she can
 run into the flaming house. She is completely hysterical.

RANDI
 Let me go! Get your hands off me!
 Let go of me! Somebody go *in* there!
 Let me go! Get them outta there!

We PAN the faces of a clutch of neighbors looking on,
 mortified, until we land on LEE staring at the blazing house.
 He still holds the paper bag from the mini-mart.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE. DAWN.

The sky is getting light. The fire is out. The smoking house
 is burnt to nothing. The neighbors have been pushed back by
 the police and firemen.

Two EMS workers are putting Randi into the ambulance. She's on a stretcher and wears an oxygen mask. She is half conscious.

TWO POLICEMEN are questioning LEE. He's still holding the grocery bag. JOE is standing next to him now hastily stuffed into his winter coat. He grips Lee's arm with a gloved hand.

The ambulance with Randi in it drives away. LEE looks past the policemen as EMS WORKERS approach the next ambulance. They are bringing and loading THREE COVERED STRETCHERS bearing THREE LITTLE BODIES into the ambulance as Lee watches. In the last stretcher the smoke-blackened ELBOW of a LITTLE GIRL sticks out a little from under the blanket. An EMS Worker quickly pushes it under again.

They put the stretchers in the ambulance and shut the doors. Without moving Lee starts crying hopelessly. The two cops stop trying to talk to him. Joe holds Lee's arm throughout.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Lee looks from the will to the view out the window.

WES	LEE
Look -- Lee --	Thanks, Wes. I'll, uh, I'll be in touch.

Lee gets up abruptly and heads for the door.

FIVE YEARS AGO (CONT'D) --

EXT. MACHESTER POLICE STATION. DAY.

PUSH IN ON a weatherbeaten old building backed by the marina.

INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION -- MAIN OFFICE. DAY.

JOE and STAN wait for Lee at one end of the office with a few desks and six or seven police officers going about their business.

INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

SLOW PUSH IN ON LEE at a table, facing a POLICE DETECTIVE, a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN, and the STATE FIRE MARSHALL.

LEE
You know. We were partyin' pretty hard.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
Beer, and somebody was passin'
around a joint. Somebody else had
some cocaine.

1ST DETECTIVE
Cocaine?

LEE
Yes.

1ST DETECTIVE
OK. Go on.

LEE
Anyway, our bedroom's in the
downstairs. The girls sleep
upstairs. So Randi makes everybody
leave around two o'clock, maybe
three AM, and she went back to bed.
So everybody leaves, and I go
inside. And it's really cold
inside, so I go check on the girls,
and it's fuckin' freezing up there.
We sleep downstairs. The girls
sleep in the upstairs. But Randi
doesn't like the central heat
because it dries her out her
sinuses, and she gets these
headaches. So I went downstairs and
built a fire in the fireplace, and
I sit down to watch TV, except
there's no more beer. And I'm still
jumpin' like a jackrabbit. So I put
a couple big logs on the fire so
the house would warm up when I was
gone, and I went to the mini-
mart...It's about a fifteen minute
walk both ways. But I didn't wanna
drive cause I was really wasted.
And I'm halfway there, and I
remember I didn't put the screen
back on the fireplace. But I figure
it's probably OK. So I kept going
to the store. And that's it. One of
the logs musta rolled out on the
floor when I was gone. The girls
were all upstairs... And that's it.
The firemen got Randi out. She was
passed out downstairs. And then
they said the furnace blew, and
they couldn't go inside again. And
that's all I remember.

Pause.

1ST DETECTIVE

OK, Lee. That's all for now. We'll call you if anything else comes up we want to ask you about.

FIRE MARSHALL

Assumin' the forensics bear you out...which I'm assumin' that they will...

LEE

What do you mean? That's it?

FIRE MARSHALL

Look, Lee: You made a horrible mistake. Like a million other people did last night. But we don't wanna crucify you. It's not a crime to leave the screen off the fireplace.

LEE

So...What? I can go?

FIRE MARSHALL

Unless somethin' else comes up that we don't know about already, yeah.

1ST DETECTIVE

You got a ride back home?

LEE

Yeah.

90

INT. POLICE STATION -- MAIN ROOM. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

90

Lee comes out of a room opposite, followed by the Detective and Fire Marshall. He makes his way past the desks. Suddenly he GRABS a YOUNG COP from behind, pulls the GUN out of his holster and shoves him away. SHOUTS and GUNS come out everywhere. LEE puts the GUN to his own HEAD and pulls the trigger, but the SAFETY CATCH is ON. JOE is across the room in a bound.

JOE

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

LEE fumbles with the safety catch -- TWO COPS take him DOWN and grab the gun. He doesn't resist at all. JOE joins the fray. STAN staggers and reaches for the wall behind him.

THE PRESENT --

INT. LAWYER'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

LEE comes out of the lawyer's office. Patrick gets up.

LEE
 Alright. Let's go.

PATRICK
 Where to, the orphanage?

LEE
 Shut up.

PATRICK
 What the hell did I do?

LEE
 Just be quiet.

Lee heads for the exit. Patrick follows him out.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. DAY.

Lee and Patrick come out of the building, Lee first. They walk to the car. He digs out his keys.

LEE
 All right. We got a lot to do.

PATRICK
 What about the boat?

LEE
 We gotta talk to George about it.
 There's no point hangin' onto it if
 no one's gonna use it --

PATRICK
 I'm gonna use it.

LEE
 It's gotta be *maintained* --

PATRICK
I'm maintaining it.
 I'm gonna maintain it.

LEE (CONT'D)
 ...we gotta change the rental
 of the boat yard from Joe to
 me -- No, you can't maintain
 it by yourself --

PATRICK
 Why not?

PATRICK (CONT'D)
It's my boat now, isn't it?

LEE
Because you're a minor. You can't take it out alone. Yeah -- But *I'm* the trustee. I gotta make the payments, keep up with the inspections --

What does "trustee" mean?

It means I'm in charge of handling everything for you until you turn eighteen --

Does that mean you're allowed to sell it if I don't want you to?

I don't know. But I'd definitely consider it --

PATRICK
No fuckin' way!

LEE
Don't be so goddamn sure of yourself! There's nobody to run it! You're sixteen years old!

PATRICK
Yeah! I can get my licence *this year!*

LEE
So what? You're still a minor! You can't run a commercial vessel by yourself!

PATRICK
Why can't I run the boat with George?

LEE (CONT'D)
Meanwhile it's a big fuckin' expense and I'm the one that's gonna have to manage it and I'm not even gonna be here!

PATRICK
Who gives a fuck where *you* are?

LEE
Patty, I swear to God I'm gonna knock your fuckin' block off!

A BUSINESSMAN in a winter coat calls from across the street.

MANCHESTER BUSINESSMAN
Great parenting.

LEE
Mind your own fuckin' business!

PATRICK
Uncle Lee!

LEE
 Mind your own business! Shut
 the fuck up or I'll fuckin'
 shut you up, I swear to God --

 I'm gonnna smash you in the
 fuckin' face if you don't
 take a walk! Mind your
 fuckin' business!

MANCHESTER BUSINESSMAN
 No no, that's good parenting.

 Smash him in the face. Smash
 him in the face. That'll show
 him.

PATRICK
 It's OK, Mister. Thank you!
 It's OK! Uncle LEE! Are you
 fundamentally unsound?

LEE
 Get in the fuckin' car!

Lee fumbles the keys and they fly out of his hands.

PATRICK
 I can't obey your orders until you
 unlock the door.

LEE
 Just shut up.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- MARINA. DAY -- PRESENT.

Lee and Patrick walk along the marina.

EXT/INT. MARINA -- JOE'S BOAT. DAY.

Lee and Patrick and GEORGE are looking at JOE'S BOAT. Lee and
 Patrick are not dressed warmly enough.

GEORGE
 It's not like the motor's gonna die
tomorrow, but Joe said it's been
 breakin' down like a son of a bitch.

PATRICK
 Yeah, but we were gonna take
 a look this weekend --

LEE
 See -- There's an allotment
 of some kind -- but things
 are up in the air a little
 bit, so --

GEORGE
 No, I can take care of it as far as
 general maintenance is concerned...

PATRICK
 I'm takin' care of it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 But that motor's gonna go at
 some point...

LEE

There's no allotment for a new motor. Unless you wanna buy it, George...

PATRICK

Wait a second. I'm not sellin' it --

LEE

Anyway, we're gonna be in Boston.

PATRICK

What? Since when am I supposed to be in Boston?

Pause.

GEORGE

Well -- Whatever you decide...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But it's gonna bleed you dry just sittin' here...

LEE

It's not all worked out yet. (To Patrick) Just take it easy! We don't know what we're doin' yet.

GEORGE

Well...you know he can always stay with us, if he wants to come up weekends.

LEE

You wanna be his guardian?

George is taken aback, embarrassed.

PATRICK

He doesn't wanna be my guardian, for Christ's sakes...! They got five kids already. Have you seen his house?

GEORGE

Well -- we already got a houseful...We're tryin' to lose some kids at this point...

LEE

No -- we're just working out logistics...So, I didn't know.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yeah, we're jammed in there pretty good. But we've always got a sofa for him any time he wants. He knows that. (To Patrick) Right?

PATRICK

Jesus Christ, you wanna stop? George. George. It's OK. Really. You don't have to say that. I know that.

He's welcome any time...

EXT. MARINA/WHARF. DAY.

Lee and Patrick walk back along the wharf toward the street and the car.

PATRICK

Are you brain-damaged? You can't just ask people that...! You don't wanna be my guardian, that's fine with me.

LEE

It's not that. It's just the logistics. I just gotta work it out. I swear.

PATRICK

How? By sendin' me to Wonkatonka Minnesota with Uncle Donny?

LEE

Minnetonka!

PATRICK

OK, Minnetonka. Minnetonka Minnesota. Same difference!

LEE (CONT'D)

Minnetonka Minnesota. Not Wonkatonka Minnesota.

PATRICK

What about my mother?

Lee stops walking, then starts again.

LEE

The judge wouldn't let her. Anyway, no one knows where she is.

PATRICK

I do. She's in Connecticut. At least she was last year.

Lee stops walking again.

LEE

Since when do you know that?

PATRICK

She emailed me last year. So I emailed her back. You know, email?

LEE

Did your father know you were in touch with her?

PATRICK

Are you kiddin'? (Pause) Could we walk? I'm freezin'.

They start walking again.

LEE
All I can tell you is --

PATRICK
I know, I know, she's a drunk,
she's insane, she let the dogs shit
on the floor.

LEE
-- it's the last thing your
dad ever woulda wanted.

PATRICK
Oh, like you suddenly care what he
woulda wanted?

LEE
Aw, fuck everything.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR(MOVING) NEAR THE MARINA. DAY.

Lee and Patrick are driving away from the marina.

PATRICK
Where to now?

LEE
The funeral parlor.

PATRICK
Great.

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR(MOVING) MANCHESTER OUTSKIRTS. DAY

Patrick notices they are now heading out of town.

PATRICK
Whoa, whoa, where're we goin'?

LEE
It's in Beverly.

PATRICK
There's no funeral homes in
Manchester?

LEE
No. (Pause) The *cemetery's* here...

PATRICK
Well, can you let me out? I'll just
walk home.

LEE

Let's just get this done.

PATRICK

You wanna warn me if there's any other Surprise Death Errands we gotta run? Or is this gonna be it for today?

LEE

Yes. Sorry. This is it.

EXT. BEVERLY. DAY.

They drive through Beverly, a big coastal town of 40,000.

INT. GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL HOME. DUSK.

Patrick looks around while Lee talks to the Funeral Director.

EXT. GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL HOME. DUSK.

Lee and Patrick walk away. The wind is punishing.

PATRICK

What is with that guy and the big Serious and Somber Act?

LEE

I don't know.

PATRICK

But seriously, does he not realize that people know he does this every single day?

LEE

I don't know. Who cares? (Stops) I think I parked the other way. Sorry.

They reverse direction and start walking into the wind.

PATRICK

Why can't we bury him?

LEE

It's too cold. The ground's too hard. They'll bury him in the spring.

PATRICK

So what do they do with him til then?

LEE
They put him in a freezer.

PATRICK
Are you serious?

LEE
Yeah. That's what they do with them. They put 'em in a big freezer until the ground thaws out.

PATRICK
That really freaks me out.

LEE
It doesn't matter. It isn't him. It's just his body. Where'd I park the car?

PATRICK
What about one of those mini-steam shovels?

LEE
What?

PATRICK
I once saw one of those mini-steam shovels one time in a graveyard in New Haven. It dug a perfect little hole in about two seconds.

LEE
I don't...really know how you would get ahold of one. Or how much it would cost --

PATRICK
Why can't we just look into it?

LEE
Anyway, I'm pretty sure you can't use heavy equipment in the Historic Rosedale Cemetery.

PATRICK
Why not?

LEE
Because there's a lot of important people buried there, and their descendants don't want a steam shovel vibratin' over their dead bodies. How do I know?

PATRICK

Why can't we bury him someplace else?

LEE

That's where he bought a plot. Don't ask me why. But if you wanna find someplace else to bury him, and find out how much it costs, and change all the arrangements with the mortician and the cemetery, and call up Sacred Heart and talk to Father Martin, and change the arrangements for the funeral service, be my guest. Otherwise let's just leave it. OK?

They turn onto a SIDE STREET. The wind picks up brutally.

PATRICK

I just don't like him bein' in a freezer.

LEE

Oh come on! Where's the goddamn car?

PATRICK

I don't know, but I wish you'd figure it out because I'm freezin' my ass off.

LEE

Don't you have a normal winter coat?

PATRICK

Yes.

LEE (CONT'D)

Why don't you have gloves with fingers on them?

Another gust of wind blows right through them.

PATRICK

Jesus Christ!

LEE (CONT'D)

God damn it!

LEE (CONT'D)

Oh where the fuck did I park the fucking car?

EXT./INT. BEVERLY STREET/LEE'S CAR. DUSK.

They see the car on a long sloping street and run to it. They get in and slam the doors. Lee turns on the engine.

LEE

God damn it's cold!

PATRICK

Why? What's the matter with your winter jacket?

LEE

Seriously, Patty --?
It's on already!

It's all the way up! It takes a minute to warm up, so just relax, OK?

Just be quiet.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just turn the heat on!

Well turn it up a little!
It's blowin' fuckin' freezin' air on me.

What year did you buy this thing? 1928? Where's the horse that goes with this fuckin' car? Maybe he could breathe on us.

LEE

Patty, I swear to God --

PATRICK

I know. Why don't we just keep my dad in *here* for the next three months? We could save a fuckin' fortune.

LEE

Would you shut up about that freezer please? You want me to have a nervous breakdown because there's undertakers and a funeral?

LEE (CONT'D)

-- Who cares?

PATRICK

No...I don't!

Lee holds his hand over the vent.

LEE

'K, it's gettin' warmer.

PATRICK

I got band practice. Can you drive me home so I can get my stuff and then take me over to my girlfriend's house?

LEE

Sure.

EXT. MANCHESTER. SANDY'S HOUSE. DUSK.

Lee pulls up in front of a small ranch house with a big front yard. Patrick twists around to gets his stuff from the back.

LEE

This is the same girl as who was
over at the house?

PATRICK

No. That was Silvie. This is Sandy.
But they don't know about each
other. So please don't say anything
in case it comes up.

LEE

I won't. (Pause) Do you actually
have sex with these girls?

PATRICK

We don't just play computer games.

LEE

With both of them?

PATRICK

Well with Sandy's mom here it's
sort of strictly just basement
business.

LEE

What does that mean?

PATRICK

It means I'm workin' on it.

Patrick grabs his electric guitar and mini-amp from the back
seat. Lee watches him run across the lawn to the house.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee comes in and snaps on the lights.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Lee puts a slice of cold pizza in the microwave.

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE -- BASEMENT. NIGHT.

PATRICK'S ROCK BAND is practicing in the basement. SANDY, 17,
brighter, wilder and more original than Silvie, sings lead
vocals. PATRICK plays rhythm guitar, CJ plays lead, JOEL
plays bass, a kid named OTTO plays drums. The boys sing
backup. The name on the big drum is "STENTORIAN." They are
playing an original composition.

SANDY

(Singing)

"I gotta RUN! I gotta RUN, I, I, I,
I, I, I, I gotta run --"

THE WHOLE BAND

"-- I gotta run, I gotta run, I
gotta run."

PATRICK

Stop. Stop. Otto man, what are you
doing?

OTTO

What did I do?

PATRICK

You're way behind, man.

OTTO

No, I'm not.

JOEL

You're a little behind, Otto.

CJ

Otto, you're kind of draggin'
it...

PATRICK

You gotta stay with the bass.

JOEL

Come on man, just stay with me, all
right?

OTTO

All right, I'm sorry.

CJ

It's all right! You're alright.
Let's just take it again. Otto, you
good?

OTTO

Yeah.

They get ready to take it again. Patrick leans into his
microphone.

PATRICK

We are Stentorian.

They start playing again.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee's car pulls up to the curb. Stentorian thuds through the frozen earth. Sandy's mom, JILL, comes out and crosses the lawn. She is 40, pretty and pleasant, hair in a pony tail. Lee rolls down the window.

JILL

Hi, are you Lee? I'm Jill. Sandy's mom. I think they're wrapping up. Do you wanna come inside and have a beer or something?

LEE

Oh, that's all right. Thank you.

JILL

I wanted to offer my condolences about Joe. He was such a terrific guy. There's not too many like him. He was a wonderful father.

LEE

Thank you.

JILL

I was -- I was gonna ask Patrick if he wants to stay for supper, if that's OK with you. You wanna join us? I made way too much...

LEE

Oh. That's all right. Thank you. What time should I come back?

JILL

Oh -- I don't know. Nine? Nine-thirty? They're gonna do their homework together. Supposedly. Ha ha ha.

LEE

OK. I'll come back at nine-thirty.

JILL

OK. You change your mind in the next ten minutes, we're right inside.

LEE

OK. Thank you.

Jill hesitates, smiles, then runs back to the house. Lee drives off.

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick and Sandy are making out on her bed. Patrick's hand is halfway down the front of Sandy's complicated jeans.

SANDY
Hold on -- Hold on.
Just take your hand out.

PATRICK
Jesus Christ, I'm scrapin'
the skin off my knuckles. How
do you unbuckle this?

SANDY
Would you please take your hand
outta my cunt?

PATRICK
OK, OK! (Withdraws his hand) Ow!

Sandy wriggles out of her jeans.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Oh, are we taking our pants off?

SANDY
I'm takin' my pants off. I don't
know what you're doing.

PATRICK
I'm takin' *my* pants off...

Patrick tries to take off his pants, but one leg bunches up at his ankle. He kicks to get it off. She tries to help him.

SANDY
Come on! You gotta take your shoe
off...!

PATRICK
I'm tryin'!

O.C., Jill KNOCKS on the DOOR. The kids both scramble away from each other and frantically start to dress.

JILL (O.C.)
Hey kids? Come on have some dinner!

PATRICK
OK, thanks Jill! We'll be
down in just one second.
I just gotta log off...!

SANDY
Thanks, Mom! We'll be right
down!

Would you shut up? She's not
retarded.

PATRICK
Why are you pickin' on me?

SANDY
I'm not pickin' on you! You're
going to get me in trouble.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Jill waits near the stairs. Patrick and Sandy come down.

JILL
How's the math homework?

PATRICK
Very frustratin'.

JILL
Good.

PATRICK
Those algorithms are a bitch...

INT. JILL'S DINING AREA. NIGHT.

Jill, Sandy and Patrick eat spaghetti.

PATRICK
Mm. This is really delicious, Jill.

JILL
Thank you, Patrick.

SANDY
Yeah, Mom, really good.

PATRICK
Is this a homemade carbonara sauce?

SANDY
Jesus, shut up.

JILL
Oh -- no...

PATRICK
You could've fooled me.

SANDY
Jesus.

PATRICK
What?

SANDY
You're such a kiss-ass!

JILL

Sandy!

PATRICK

Why? Because I appreciate your
mother's cookin'?

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives Patrick home in silence. Then:

PATRICK

Aren't you gonna ask what
happened? -- Guess not.

LEE

I don't want to know what
happened.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee is on the sofa with his iPhone and a beer, watching a
Celtics game. A PHONE RINGS. He looks around, confused. Looks
at his cell. Finally he realizes Joe's LAND LINE is ringing.

LEE

(Answering)
Hello?

RANDI

(Over the phone)
Hello...Lee? It's Randi. (Pause)
Hello? Lee?

Pause.

LEE

Yeah. I'm here. Sorry. How are you?

RANDI

I'm OK. How are you?

LEE

Good.

RANDI

I was callin' -- George told me
about Joe. I just wanted to call
and say I'm sorry. I hope you don't
mind me callin'.

LEE

No. Thank you. I don't mind...How
are you?

RANDI

Not so good, right now. I guess we shoulda seen it comin', but...it's still kinda hard to believe...

LEE

Yeah...

RANDI

How's Patrick doin'? Beyond the obvious, obviously...

LEE

He's OK. It's hard to tell with kids.

RANDI

Yeah --

LEE (CONT'D)

He doesn't really open up with me. I think he's OK.

He's got a lotta

Well, that's good.

friends...So...Yeah, it is...

RANDI

So, I don't know if you planned a service yet, but I was also gonna ask you if you wouldn't mind -- I'd like to be there, if it's OK with you.

LEE

Of course you can...

RANDI

OK. Thank you. It would mean a lot to me -- OK -- Thank you.

LEE (CONT'D)

That's fine. You should come. I'll let you know when it's gonna be.

RANDI

Thank you. (Pause) So, can I ask -- How are you?

LEE

I don't know. How are you?

RANDI

You know. We're doin' pretty well. I should probably tell you -- I'm gonna be -- I'm pregnant. Actually.

LEE

Oh yeah?

RANDI

Yeah. Like -- Ready to pop.

LEE
Oh, I didn't know that.

RANDI (CONT'D)
I didn't know if I should
tell you, but --

LEE
No, it's fine. Congratulations.

RANDI
Thank you. You would probably
deduce it for yourself when you see
me.

LEE
Yeah.

Lee is unable to stay on the phone any longer.

RANDI
So, are you still --

LEE (CONT'D)
Actually, sorry -- I don't
mean to cut you off. I just
gotta go pick up Patrick up
and I'm slightly late.

RANDI
That's OK. I just wanted to make
sure it's OK if me and Josh come to
the funeral.

LEE
It's totally OK.

RANDI
OK. Thank you, Lee. God bless.

LEE
So long.

They hang up. Lee tries to keep a grip on himself.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick lies awake in the dark.

INT. LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on the bed watching a sports show and drinking beer.

EXT. MANCHESTER -- CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART. DAY.

A beautiful day. A lot of people are filing into the church.

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

SLO-MO (MOS). People are greeting PATRICK. LEE stands to one side. Some people greet him, some do not, some look at him covertly.

GEORGE and his wife JANINE, 50, say hi to Lee and Patrick. Then a very pregnant RANDI gives Patrick a big warm hug. She and her husband, JOSH, greet Lee. Randi says a few words to Lee. Josh shakes Lee's hand. Then they move away.

Others come through: Grown-ups and kids. DR BETHENY and her HUSBAND. George stays dutifully by Lee.

LATER -- STILL SLO-MO (MOS) THE SERVICE. FATHER MARTIN reads the service. LEE sits in the front pew, with PATRICK, looking lost.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

George's small, cramped, two-story house. Cars are stuffed into George's driveway and ranged up and down the block.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

The living room is packed with mourners, eating and drinking. (Randi and Josh are not there.) PATRICK is hugging SANDY and JILL. They are leaving. He keeps an eye out for SILVIE, who is across the room talking to CJ, Joel and some other kids.

LATER -- PATRICK is in an armchair, watching LEE through the press of chatting mourners. Lee holds a beer and looks lost. TOM DOHERTY appears, shakes Lee's hand and gives him a hug which Lee rigidly returns. MRS DOHERTY kisses Lee.

SILVIE appears at Patrick's side. She gives him some soda in a plastic cup. Her eyes intrusively search his face.

SILVIE
You OK, baby?

PATRICK
I'm OK.

LATER -- LEE and GEORGE are talking over the din.

GEORGE
So how you holdin' up?

LEE
What's the matter?

GEORGE
No --

LEE
 What?
 Um...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 -- I said "How you holdin' up?" It's a stupid question. You get some food?

LEE
 I had some cheese.

GEORGE
 "You had some cheese." Asshole.

LEE
 It's OK, George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 I'll get you something. Hey JANINE!

We see JANINE through the crowd, replenishing items at the buffet table and clearing paper plates and napkins, etc.

LEE
 Seriously. I'm not hungry.

GEORGE
 Sure? (To JANINE) Never mind!
 FORGET IT! SKIP IT!
 I SAID FORGET IT!

JANINE
 WHAT?
 I CAN'T HEAR A GODDAMN THING
 YOU'RE SAYIN'!

JANINE (CONT'D)
 DID LEE GET SOME FOOD?

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Lee comes in and takes off his dark jacket and gets some cold chicken from the fridge. Patrick comes in, iPhone in hand.

PATRICK
 Hey, is it OK if I ask Silvie to stay over?

LEE
 No.

PATRICK
 What do you mean?

LEE
 I don't want her in the house right now.

PATRICK
 Why not? YOU don't have to talk to her...

LEE
 I don't like her. You can go to her
 house or call one of your friends.
 That's it.

Patrick is stunned.

INT. GUEST/LEE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee gets ready for bed. We hear PATRICK in the hall O.C.

PATRICK (O.C.)
 Would your mom be cool if I came
 there? ... I have no idea.

LATER -- Patrick KNOCKS and comes in.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Well, I can't go there either.

LEE
 Sorry about that.

PATRICK
 So...Are you gonna stay in here...?

LEE
 Well -- Yeah. Why not?

PATRICK
 I thought maybe you'd want to stay
 in Dad's room.

LEE
 Why? You want me to?

PATRICK
 No. It's just a better room. And
 he's not usin' it...

LEE
 I'll stay in there. We're not gonna
 be here that much longer anyway.

PATRICK
 I'm not movin' to Boston, Uncle
 Lee.

LEE
 I don't wanna talk about that right
 now. OK?

PATRICK
 You said he left you money so you
 could move.

LEE
Yes. But that doesn't mean I
can just --

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Anyway, what's in Boston?
You're a janitor.

LEE
So what?

PATRICK
You could do that anywhere. There's
toilets and clogged-up drains all
over town.

LEE
I don't wanna talk about it!

PATRICK (CONT'D)
All my friends are here. I'm
on the hockey team. I'm on
the basketball team. I gotta
maintain our boat now. I work
on George's boat two days a
week. I got two girlfriends
and I'm in a band. You're a
janitor in Quincy. What the
hell do you care where you
live?

You can't maintain it --

Lee has no answer.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Lee puts the last of his stuff away. He goes to the window.
The wind whistles outside.

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK (V.O.)
Goodbye Uncle Lee!

FIVE YEARS AGO --

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A few weeks after the girls' funeral. Joe waits by Lee's car,
which is packed with a few boxes and a borrowed suitcase. Lee
and 10-YEAR-OLD Patrick come out, carrying cardboard boxes.

A moment later, Lee slams the trunk. Patrick is inside.

JOE
Where you gonna be tonight?

LEE
I don't know. A motel.

JOE
What time you gonna call me?

LEE
When I get to the motel.

JOE
If I don't hear from you by nine
o'clock I'm gonna call the cops.
You understand?

LEE
Yes. Yes.

JOE
Patty! Come say goodbye to Uncle
Lee!

LEE
That's OK.

JOE
It is not OK. Patrick! Come say
goodbye!

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK (O.S.)
Comin'!

They wait. Joe hugs Lee. Lee hugs him back woodenly. Then
with more feeling. Then he breaks away and gets in the car.

LEE
I'm gonna see him...

He starts the motor. Patrick comes running out of the house.

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK
(Exactly as before)
Goodbye Uncle Lee!

LEE
So long.

He drives off. Joe and Patrick watch him drive away.

PRESENT --

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Patrick, in his sleeping gear, opens the refrigerator,
looking for a snack. He opens the overcrowded freezer and
some packages of frozen chicken breasts and chopped meat
slide out at him. He tries to catch or block them, but most
of them get past him and hit the floor.

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT -- SIMULTANEOUS.

At the window, Lee hears the clatter from downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Patrick looks down at the frozen meat and starts to breathe hard. He starts to put them back in but starts to feel sick. He leans his head against the freezer door then backs away, wiping his eyes.

PATRICK
I don't want it. I don't want it.

LEE comes in. Patrick can't get ahold of himself.

LEE
Patty -- PATRICK (CONT'D)
Somethin's wrong with me.

LEE
What do you mean? Like what?

PATRICK
I don't know! I feel really weird! I'm havin' like a panic attack or something. LEE (CONT'D)
Are you sick?

LEE (CONT'D)
What do you mean?

PATRICK
Could you get that shit outta the freezer? I feel really weird.

LEE
Get ridda what? The chicken?

PATRICK
Yes. I don't know. LEE (CONT'D)
Should I take you to the hospital? Do you want me to call your friends?
I don't know! No!

Patrick runs out of the kitchen.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick comes in and slams the door. Pause. Lee KNOCKS O.C.

LEE (O.C.)
You gonna go to bed?

PATRICK
Leave me alone.

LEE (O.C.)
I don't think I should let you keep the door shut.

PATRICK
Just go away!

LEE (O.C.)
I will. Just open up the door.

PATRICK
Fuck you.

LEE KICKS the DOOR IN. Patrick jumps up from his bed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Jesus! What's your problem?

No! No! No!

No! I'm just freakin' out.

Just go away!

No we don't --!

LEE
I said open up the door. Are you havin' a breakdown? Should I take you to the hospital?

Fine, but I can't let you freak out with the door shut. And if you're gonna freak out every time you see a frozen chicken I think maybe we should take you the hospital. I don't know anything about this.

PATRICK
-- I just don't like him bein' in the freezer!

LEE
You've expressed that very clearly. I don't like it either. But there's nothin' we can do about it.

PATRICK
Just get out!

LEE
No.

PATRICK
I'm all right, OK? I just wanna be alone.

LEE (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna bother you. I'm just gonna sit here. You can be alone as soon as you calm down.

Patrick turns his face toward the wall. Silence.

PATRICK
I'm calmer now. Would you please get out?

LEE
No.

Patrick his face turned away. Lee sits there.

FIVE YEARS AGO --

INT. QUINCY -- LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. DAY.

The same basement studio we saw at the beginning, minus most of the furniture. LEE stands watching JOE inspect the room. His affect is flat, colorless. 10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK is looking through the window up to the street. People's feet walk by.

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK
Cool!

JOE
How much are they payin' you?

LEE
Minimum wage plus the room.

JOE
Let's go get some furniture.

LEE
I got furniture.

JOE
No you don't. This doesn't count as furniture. This is not a room. Let's go get some furniture.

LEE
Get off my back.

JOE
Patty, come on. (To Lee) Let's go.

INT. BOSTON DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

Joe stands with Lee looking at an armchair. Patrick is spinning around in another one.

JOE
You like that one?

LEE
I love it.

JOE
Good. Now you got an armchair. Movin' right along. Let's go look at lamps.

10-YEAR-OLD PATRICK
Uncle Lee, try this one!

JOE
Patty! Cut the crap. Let's go get a lamp.

LEE
I got a lamp.

JOE
You got a light bulb. Let's go get a lamp. Patty, come on.

INT. LEE'S BASEMENT APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Joe finishes tearing the paper off the armchair. The studio now has almost all the same furniture as in the present. LEE stands watching. Patrick is playing a little computer game.

JOE
Better? Better.

THE PRESENT --

INT. THE KITCHEN. DAY.

Lee and Patrick are at the breakfast table. Patrick is eating breakfast. Lee has coffee.

LEE
Listen. (Pause) We can stay until your school lets out. That'll give me time to set things up in Boston better. You can do some stuff with George in the summer if you want ...And you don't get jerked out of your life overnight.

PATRICK
Are you askin' me or tellin' me?

LEE
I'm tellin' you it's the best I can do.

PATRICK
(On "you")
Then what the fuck do you care whether it's OK with me or not?

Pause.

LEE
It's half an hour away! You can come back here any time you want!

PATRICK
From *Quincy*?

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What is that, a joke?
It's an hour and a half at
least! You gotta include the
other *cars*.

You couldn't get from here to
Quincy in half an hour if you
flew in a fuckin' *spaceship!*

LEE
Yes! No! Depending on the
traffic. Fifty minutes.
But we don't have to stay
there! We could look in
Charlestown, or Everett --

LEE (CONT'D)
OK, *fuck* it.

INT. LEE'S CAR/MANCHESTER ESSEX REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

Lee and Patrick pull up in front of school.

PATRICK
I need lunch money.

Lee reaches for his wallet. TWO GIRLS rap on the car window
as they pass by on their way into the building.

1ST GIRL
Hi, Patrick! Hi, Patrick!

2ND GIRL
Hi, Patrick!

1ST GIRL
Hey Patrick -- !

Patrick unrolls the window.

1ST GIRL (CONT'D)
So are you goin' to *Godspell*?

PATRICK
I'm thinkin' about it.

1ST GIRL
OK, 'bye.

They move on, giggling. Lee reaches for his wallet.

LEE
Are they your girlfriends too?

PATRICK
They wish.

LEE
Doesn't George pay you a salary for
helpin' with his boat?

PATRICK
Yeah, but I'm savin' that.

LEE
For what?

PATRICK
New motor.

Pause. He gives Patrick \$20. Patrick gets out of the car.

LEE
You goin' to *Godspell*?

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. DUSK.

Lee puts the THREE FRAMED PHOTOS on the dresser. He goes to the window and looks out. He BREAKS the WINDOW with his FIST. Blood wells out of his knuckles immediately. He hurries to the bathroom. The LAND LINE RINGS.

LEE (O.C.)
Come on...!

He comes out, wrapping his hand in a towel. The blood soaks through quickly. He picks up the phone.

LEE (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. ELISE'S HOUSE. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

Elise, dressed neatly and primly, is on the phone.

ELISE
(Over the phone)
Hello, is that Lee?

WE CUT BETWEEN ELISE AND LEE.

Lee freezes. He does not respond.

ELISE (CONT'D)
(Over the phone)
Hello? Lee? It's Elise. (Pause)
Hello?

LEE does not respond. Blood stains the towel on his hand.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick sit across from each other at the dinner table, eating. Lee has a bandage on his hand.

PATRICK
What happened to your hand?

LEE
I cut it.

PATRICK
Oh. For a minute there I didn't know what happened.

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick comes into the room. Lee is VACUUMING up broken glass by the window. He has neatly taped a cardboard square over the broken pane. He sees Patrick and turns off the vacuum. He throws the last scraps of cardboard and tape into a heavy duty trash bag full of broken glass, cardboard, etc.

PATRICK
Is there some reason why you didn't tell me my mom tried to call me?

Lee stops in his tracks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
She wrote me you hung up on her. She's in Essex. She wants me to see her new house and meet her fiancée. (Pause) What'd you think? She couldn't get in touch with me?

LEE
I hung up because I didn't know what to say to her. And I didn't tell you 'cause I didn't know what to say to you. I'm sorry.

PATRICK
You can't stop me talkin' to her.

LEE
I don't care what you do.

He ties off the garbage bag and goes out. Patrick follows --

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

They go down the hall, stairs, into the kitchen...

PATRICK

No, but you won't let my girlfriend come over and you hate my mother so much you won't even tell me that she called. You'd rather drag me back to Quincy and ruin my life than somebody else be my guardian --

LEE

There is nobody else.

PATRICK

I can live in Essex with my mom.

LEE

No you can't.

PATRICK

But if she's not an alcoholic anymore and she wants me to stay with her, then I can take the bus to my same school and keep all my friends, and the boat, and you can go back to Boston, and you can still -- I don't know: Like, check in on me, or whatever, if you want to...

LEE

I can't do that.

PATRICK

Why?

LEE

I'm sorry I hung up on her. I'll call her back, and if she sounds semi-human to me, you can go have lunch with her and her fiancée if you want. I don't wanna talk about this anymore.

Lee goes out the back door with the garbage.

EXT. MARINA/WHARF. DAY.

Lee stands by as George and Patrick pull away in JOE'S BOAT. Patrick is driving.

INT. THE BOAT (MOVING). DAY.

GEORGE

OK! Soon as we get clear, open it up and we'll see what we can do.

PATRICK

OK!

EXT. MARINA/WHARF. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

Lee watches them go and then turns and walks away.

INT. BOAT YARD -- FRONT OFFICE. DAY.

JERRY, 40s, is just coming into the front office as LEE comes thru the customer door. Jerry is immediately uncomfortable.

JERRY

Hey... Lee....! Well, what do you know?

LEE

How you doin', Jerry?

JERRY

Not bad, not too bad. I was sorry to hear about Joe.

LEE

Yeah. Thank you.

JERRY

How's Patrick doin'?

LEE

Good.

JERRY

Good. So what's goin' on?

LEE

...You know, I'm back and thinking about staying through the summer and was wondering if you had any work? If I could pick up some hours.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You oughta -- Sure, sure. Walter is down in Boston. He should be back tomorrow if you want to come by or...Give him a call.

INT. BACK OFFICE -- SIMULTANEOUS.

SUE, 50s, is at a cluttered desk doing paperwork. She hears voices in the front. Stops what she's doing and listens.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH.

LEE
 ...Anyway, I'm just lookin'
 for anything right now --
 Fixit jobs: Boats, engines, --
 OK: I'll do that. No, I know.
 I just thought I'd ask.

JERRY
 You oughta -- Sure, sure. You
 oughta come by tomorrow and
 talk to Walter...I doubt he's
 got anything in February --
 Oh, absolutely.

LEE
 Thanks Jerry.

JERRY
 Good to see you.

They shake hands. After Lee exits, SUE enters the FRONT OFFICE.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Guess who just --

SUE
 I don't wanna see him in here
 again.

MINI-MONTAGE --

Lee goes into 1) COASTAL AUTOMOBILE REPAIR. 2) MILNE PLUMBING & HEATING. 3) HAMMC PAINTING & REMODELING. He talks to managers, fills out forms, walks in and out of doors...

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee is picking Patrick up from George's house. GEORGE and JANINE and their five kids, ages 8-17, wave and shout goodbye.

GEORGE
 So long...! Patty, I'll see
 you Wednesday? So long, Lee!

GEORGE'S KIDS
 Goodbye, Patrick! See ya,
 Patrick! Bye, Patty! G'bye!

JANINE
 So long...!

PATRICK
 „Bye guys! Yeah, Wednesday!
 G'bye!

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick get in the car and start driving.

LEE
 How's the motor?

PATRICK
 George says the piston's gonna go
 right through the block any minute
 now.

LEE

Unfortunately that's a problem. We can't afford to keep the boat if we can't hire somebody to work it, and we can't get anyone to work it, if it's got a broken motor.

PATRICK

Let's take out a loan.

LEE

And pay it back with what?

PATRICK

We hire it out til we pay the loan back, obviously.

LEE

Unfortunately for you, I'm responsible for your finances until you're twenty-one, and I'm not comfortable takin' out enormous loans on your behalf right now.

PATRICK

I have band practice. Can you drive me home to get my stuff and then drive me to Sandy's house?

LEE

Why don't you sign up for driver's ed?

PATRICK

Because Dad made me promise not to drive til I was seventeen.

LEE (CONT'D)

I'm not your chauffeur.

LEE (CONT'D)

OK. Then we'll stick with that.

EXT. SANDY & JILL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lee's car idles in front of the house.

PATRICK

You wanna stay for dinner? I think Sandy's mother likes you.

LEE

No she doesn't.

PATRICK

Yes she does. This could be good for both of us.

LEE
I'd really rather not.

PATRICK
Well, can you at least hang out
with her so I can be alone with
Sandy for half an hour without her
mother knockin' on the door every
twenty seconds?

LEE
Come on, man.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
All you gotta do is talk to
her! Why can't you help me
out a little bit for once
instead of draggin' me to the
lawyers and the funeral
parlor and the morgue? Anyway
she's really nice!

LEE
OK.

PATRICK
Thank you.

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE -- BASEMENT. NIGHT.

Patrick is practicing with his band. Sandy on lead vocals,
the guys singing backup.

SANDY
*"Tell me why -- Why do you need me?
Why do you want me? / Why do you
love me?"*

PATRICK
Stop. Stop.

Everybody stops playing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Otto, man --

OTTO
What? I'm too slow?

CJ
Too fast.

OTTO
I'm too fast?

JOEL

Dude, you're like pullin' outta the fuckin' station ahead of me.

SANDY

Oh my God, you guys! Leave him alone.

CJ

Are you serious about this band or what?

OTTO

Get off my back.

CJ

All right, everybody just chill here. Let's just go again.

Everyone resets.

PATRICK

(into microphone)

We are Stentorian.

INT. JILL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee and Jill are alone in the living room. She has a glass of wine. He has a beer. Silence.

JILL

Patrick's one of my favorite people.

LEE

That's good.

Silence. Jill twists around.

JILL

(Calls up the stairs)

How's it goin' up there, you guys?

Silence. Then there is some O.C. giggling and A DOOR OPENS.

SANDY

It's going fine! Thanks! But we're right in the middle of something!

PATRICK

Good! Really good! We're totally rippin' through those compound fractions!

There is more laughing and the DOOR SHUTS O.C.

JILL
At least we know where they are,
right?

LEE
That's true...

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Sandy comes away from the door. They are in their underwear. Patrick discards an unused, unrolled condom and GETS UP to get another from his pants, across the darkened room.

PATRICK
Hold on a sec.

SANDY
How many of those you generally
gotta go through before you pick a
winner?

PATRICK
I'd like to see you use one of
these goddamn things with all these
interruptions -- Ow!

He trips over something with a crash.

SANDY
What happened? Are you OK?

PATRICK
I tripped over your fuckin' doll
house.

SANDY
Oh my God, did you break it?

PATRICK
I don't know. *I'm* fine though, by
the way.

Sandy snaps the light on.

SANDY
Oh my God. My grandmother gave me
that when I was five years old. It
was literally her doll house from
when she was a little girl.

PATRICK
Well what's it doin' on the fuckin'
floor?

SANDY
It's a *doll* house! That's where you
play with it!

JILL (O.S.)
Sandy? What is going on up there?

SANDY
Nothing! Patrick stubbed his toe on
Mummer's doll house, but it's OK!

JILL
Sandy, that doll house belonged to
my *mother*!

SANDY
Yes I *know*, Mom! It was just
an *accident*. Nobody's
smashin' it to pieces! It's
fine!

JILL (CONT'D)
If you're gonna smash it to
pieces I wish you'd let me
keep it somewhere else!

PATRICK
Don't worry, Jill, I'm OK! My
toe's gonna be OK!

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS.

Jill turns back to Lee, smiles and shrugs. Silence.

JILL
Could I get you another beer, Lee?

LEE
I'm good. Thanks.

Jill sips her wine. Lee can't think of anything to say.

JILL
Would you excuse me, Lee, one sec?

LEE
Sure.

INT. SANDY'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The only light comes from Sandy's laptop. They're on the bed.

SANDY
Is it on?

PATRICK
Yes. It's a miracle.

SANDY
OK. Hurry up.

JILL KNOCKS. Patrick and Sandy leap away from each other.

JILL
Hey, Sandy? I'm sorry...!

SANDY (CONT'D)
One second please! (To
Patrick) Get outta my way!

PATRICK
Goddamn it!

AT THE DOOR, A MOMENT LATER -- Jill is talking to SANDY through a crack in the door. Patrick is pretending to work at the laptop. Sandy and he have pulled on their clothes.

SANDY
What's up?

JILL
I'm really sorry, I know you're trying to work, but I can't sit down there much longer.

SANDY
Why? What's the problem?

JILL
He won't *talk*. I've been trying to make conversation for half an hour!

SANDY
Are you serious?

JILL
I realize I'm not the most fascinating person in the world, but it's very, very strained.

PATRICK
What's the matter?

SANDY
Mom...

SANDY
She can't make your Uncle speak.

PATRICK
He likes sports.

JILL
I'm sorry to bust things up, but how much longer do you think you're gonna be? I'm sorry...!

SANDY
Sports?

PATRICK
Can you talk about sports? Maybe there's a game on you could watch.

SANDY (TO PATRICK) (CONT'D)
Shut up. (To Jill) Mummy, Please.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives Patrick home.

PATRICK
You were a tremendous help.

LEE
I didn't ask to sit down there.

PATRICK
You can't make small talk like
every other grown up in the world?

PATRICK (CONT'D)		LEE
You can't talk about boring bullshit for half an hour?	No.	
"Hey, how about those interest rates?" Hey, I lost my Triple A card?" Like everybody else?	Nope. Sorry.	

PATRICK
You're a fuckin' asshole.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick is having trouble sleeping.

EXT/INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

Lee is driving Patrick along the road to Essex.

LEE
Where did she say she lives?
Because there are like no houses
here. None. Does she live in a
fuckin' sleeping bag?

PATRICK
119 Pigeon Hill Street.

LEE	PATRICK (CONT'D)
Pigeon Hill Street? Or Pigeon Hill Road? Pigeon Hill Court?	Pigeon Hill Street. Street! This is Pigeon Hill Road.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You have no GPS whatsoever?

LEE
No, I've got a little fuckin'
cartoon moving map.

PATRICK

Do you want me to punch it in for you?

LEE

No, I don't. I've got it. Thank you. (Pause) Okay, listen. Are you nervous?

PATRICK

Yeah I'm nervous.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What are you, a fuckin' genius?

LEE

Because --
Skip it.

LEE (CONT'D)

Just...If anything gets weird, just text me, and I'll come and get you.

PATRICK

OK. (Pause) Thank you.

EXT. ELISE'S HOUSE. DAY.

They pull up to a small neatly kept house and get out. ELISE opens the front door. She looks starched and brittle.

ELISE

Oh my gosh. Is that my Patrick?

PATRICK

Hi Mom.

ELISE

I'm so happy...! (To Lee) Welcome to my home.

INT. ELISE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

JEFFREY stands waiting as Elise ushers them in. He is in his late 40s, slight, well groomed and dressed in conservative weekend wear. Slacks, loafers, a light-weight sweater. LEE glances around the very tidy house. There is a framed pastel of Jesus on the wall.

ELISE

Patrick. This is my fella. Jeffrey, this is Patrick...

JEFFREY

(Shaking hands)
Great to finally meet you, Patrick.

PATRICK
Nice to meet you.

ELISE
And this is Lee...

JEFFREY
(Shaking hands.)
Hey, welcome. Jeffrey.

LEE
Thanks. Lee.

ELISE
Now, Lee, are you sure you won't
stay for lunch?

LEE
I'm positive.

INT. ELISE'S DINING NOOK. DAY.

Patrick is at the table. Jeffrey and Elise bring in lunch.

PATRICK
Oh -- Can I help with anything?

ELISE
No thanks, honey.

JEFFREY
Your job is to relax. OK? That is
your A-Number One assignment.

PATRICK
OK. I'm gonna really apply myself.

JEFFREY
No -- I was just joking.

PATRICK
I know you were. So was I.

Elise comes in from the kitchen and sits down.

ELISE
How we gettin' along?

JEFFREY
Great.

PATRICK
Great.

PATRICK
Oh yeah, it looks great. Thank you.

ELISE
You don't have to be so formal...!

PATRICK
I'm not.

JEFFREY
I think Elise's just --

ELISE
I know...! I'm just sayin',
this is your home too! I
want it to be... It's
different from what you're
used to, but...And...I don't
know...!

PATRICK
That's OK...

JEFFREY
What are you studying in school,
Patrick?

PATRICK
Oh...well...The usual stuff...

ELISE
You know what? I'm gonna be right
back. Anybody need anything from
the kitchen?

JEFFREY
I think we're good. No.

PATRICK
No, thanks. Thank you.

Elise gets up and goes into the kitchen.

JEFFREY
Did you get some string beans?

PATRICK
Oh -- not yet. Thank you.

JEFFREY
OK. (Pause) Lemme just see what
she's doin' in there.

He goes into the kitchen. Patrick eats.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) DUSK.

Lee is driving Patrick home. He glances at Patrick. Patrick
is very glum and unhappy.

LEE
So what was she like?

PATRICK
I don't know: She was pretty nervous.

LEE
What was the guy like?

PATRICK
He was very Christian.

LEE	PATRICK (CONT'D)
You know we're Christian too, right? You are aware that Catholics are Christians?	Yes, I know that. Yes I am aware of that.

They drive in gloomy silence.

LEE
Well...it sounds like she's doin' better anyway. She's not drinkin'. She's not in the psych ward.

PATRICK
Wow.

LEE	PATRICK (CONT'D)
Wow what?	You'll do <i>anything</i> to get ridda me!

LEE
What?

PATRICK
You heard me.

LEE
That's not true.

Patrick shrugs and starts texting on his iPhone.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick sits at his laptop, wet from the shower. He opens an email from JEFFGARNDER7@YAHOO.COM. We see the first few lines and hear JEFFREY'S VOICE at the same time.

JEFFREY V.O.
"Dear Patrick, I'm writing on to thank you for today. Your visit meant the world to your mom. We are both deeply grateful for the love and trust you've shown by offering to rejoin her life.

(MORE)

JEFFREY V.O. (CONT'D)
*But I feel it would be unfair to
 your mom to rush her along the long
 and challenging road ahead, and so
 I'm going to ask you to write to me
 in future to arrange any further
 visits. I hope you won't find this
 to be --"*

ON PATRICK as he reads on. He DELETES the MESSAGE.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick is watching an action movie on TV. Lee drifts in.

LEE
 Where's your friends tonight?

PATRICK
 I don't know.

LEE
 Why don't you call that girl Sandy
 and see if she'll come over?

PATRICK
 No thanks. Nice try, though.

Pause. Lee walks away and goes into --

INT. JOE'S DEN. NIGHT.

Lee turns on the light. He walks over to the fancy GUN CASE. It's got several expensive rifles mounted, and some HANDGUNS. Lee gets the key from on top of the case and opens it. He takes out a HANDGUN. Realizes that PATRICK is in the doorway.

PATRICK
 Who are you gonna shoot? You or me?

LEE
 Do you know how much these guns are
 worth?

PATRICK
 A lot, I think.

LEE
 Want to try to sell them and put
 the money toward a new second hand
 motor for the boat?

PATRICK
 That's a really good idea.

EXT. GUN SHOP. DAY.

Through the window we see Lee and Patrick talking to the GUN SHOP OWNER. Joe's guns are laid out on the counter on a felt cloth. The owner is counting out bills for them.

EXT. MARINA -- BOAT YARD. DAY.

LEE, GEORGE and PATRICK are connecting up the new secondhand MOTOR to Joe's boat.

PATRICK
This is awesome.

EXT. JOE'S BOAT (MOVING) -- AT SEA. DAY.

A beautiful day at sea. Patrick is driving the boat, fast. SANDY is next to him. LEE is in the back, taking in the air.

SANDY
This is awesome!

PATRICK
You wanna drive?

SANDY
Sure!

PATRICK
OK -- So --

The BOAT SWERVES WILDLY as Sandy takes the wheel.

PATRICK (CONT'D)	SANDY
Yeah -- Don't -- Just	(Screams)
straighten her out -- OK.	Oh my God! Sorry!

She straightens the wheel and speeds up again.

EXT. JOE'S DRIVEWAY. DAY.

Lee drives Sandy and Patrick into the driveway and stops. Sandy and Patrick get out of the car.

LEE
I gotta run some chores. I'll be back in a couple hours. You want anything?

PATRICK
No thank you.

SANDY
No thanks Mr. Chandler.

Lee drives away.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Setup city.

PATRICK
What are you talking about?

SANDY
Oh yeah? How's Silvie McGann?

PATRICK
Who?!

SANDY
Open the door.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM. DAY.

SANDY AND PATRICK lie on the bed, her dozing head on his chest. He's very happy.

EXT. WATERFRONT STREET. DAY.

Lee is walking toward his car. He slows because he sees RANDI pushing a stroller his way, with a newborn BABY in it. The baby is almost invisible inside his winter parka. Randi is accompanied by a friend, RACHEL, 40s.

RANDI
Lee...! Hi.

LEE
Hi.

RANDI
Um -- Rachel. This is Lee. Lee, Rachel.

LEE
Hi.

RACHEL
Hello.

RANDI
(Re: the baby)
And this is Dylan. You can't see him too good.

LEE
Hey Dylan. Very handsome.

RACHEL
Randi, you want me to get the car
and pick you up?

RANDI
Oh, sure --

LEE
That's OK. I gotta --

RANDI
Well, could I -- I'd -- Could we
talk a second?

LEE
Sure.

RACHEL
I'll just pull around -- Just be
like two minutes.

RANDI
OK, thanks.

RACHEL
Nice to meet you.

LEE
You too.

RACHEL
Be right back.

Rachel hurries off and turns a corner.

RANDI
I don't have anything big to say:

RANDI (CONT'D)	LEE
I just -- I know you been around --	That's OK.
And I thought -- we never -- Yeah I know. He seems like he's doin' pretty well, considering. I mean...	Yeah, I just been gettin' Patrick settled in.
	I <i>think</i> he is...Yeah...

RANDI
I guess you probably didn't know I
really kept in touch with Joe --

RANDI (CONT'D)	LEE
So it's been kinda weird for me, not seeing Patrick since he passed away -- Oh, OK. I didn't know.	No, I knew that --

LEE (CONT'D)
Well you can see him. I have no --

RANDI

Could we ever have lunch?

LEE

You mean us? You and me?

RANDI

Yeah. I, uh...Because...I said a lotta terrible things to you. But -- I know you never -- Maybe you don't wanna talk to me --

LEE

It's not that.

RANDI

But let me finish. However it -- my heart was broken. It's always gonna be broken. I know your heart is broken too. But I don't have to carry...I said things that I should -- I should fuckin' burn in hell for what I said. It was just --

LEE

No, no...

RANDI

I'm just sorry. I love you. Maybe I shouldn't say that. And I'm sorry --

LEE (CONT'D)

I can't --

You can say it, but -- No, it's just --I -- I can't -- I gotta go.

RANDI

We couldn't have lunch?

LEE

I'm really sorry. I don't think so.

RANDI

You can't just *die*...!

But honey, I see you walkin' around like this and I just wanna tell you --

But Lee, you gotta -- I don't know what! I don't wanna torture you. I just wanna tell you I was wrong.

That's not true! Can't be true...!

LEE (CONT'D)

Thank you for sayin' everything --I'm not! But I can't -- I'm happy for you. And I want...I would want to talk to you -- But I can't, I can't...

I'm tryin' to -- You're not. But I got nothin' to -- Thank you for sayin' that. But -- There's nothin' there ...You don't understand...

RANDI
Of course I do!

LEE
I know you understand...But I've
gotta go -- I'm sorry.

RANDI	LEE (CONT'D)
OK. I'm sorry.	There's nothin' I can s -- I gotta go.

He moves away. Randi breaks down.

INT. WATERFRONT BAR & GRILLE. DAY.

CU LEE, very drunk. He is at the counter of a busy local place full of fishermen eating and drinking their lunch. A new bunch of guys comes in loudly and boisterously. One of them accidentally clips Lee as the group passes by.

FISHERMAN
Pardon me.

LEE
It's all right.

Lee whirls around and sucker punches the Fisherman. He goes down hard. His friends immediately grab at Lee en masse.

FISHERMEN
Hey! Hey! What're you doin'? Etc.

Lee is pushed into some tables -- The whole place is in an uproar -- He is jumped by several guys. He keeps fighting crazily. Someone tries to pin his arms to stop the fight. Everyone is shouting.

GEORGE appears. He uses his size to shove the other guys away from Lee.

GEORGE
Break it up! Break it up! It's Lee
Chandler. Lee! Let him go, Eddy.
He's Joey Chandler's brother. Let
him go! Lee. Lee! It's George. Lee.
Come on -- (To the guys who beat
Lee up) You won. OK? You won the
fight.

Lee shoves George away and swings at the nearest man. Everybody pounces on him again. Someone hits Lee squarely and knocks him down. Now George is fighting everybody. Chaos.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
OK, OK, OK!

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Lee is dazed, lying on the sofa in George's cramped living room. George watches anxiously as George's wife Janine finishes washing and bandaging Lee's banged up face. George is a little banged up too.

JANINE
...Should we take him to the hospital?

GEORGE
I don't think so. Nothin's broken.

JANINE
...What the hell did they hit him with, a fuckin' baseball bat?

GEORGE
They all just said he started swingin'.

Lee wakes up.

LEE
Where's Patrick?

GEORGE
He's with the kids. I sent 'em out for burgers.

LEE
Lemme give you some money.

Lee sits up painfully and reaches for his wallet.

GEORGE
Lee. Please. It's my treat.

Lee stands up and fumbles for his wallet and drops it on the floor. George picks it up and gives it to him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Would you sit down please, for Christ's sake?

LEE
OK.

Lee sits down and breaks into tears.

GEORGE
Come on, buddy.

George looks uncomfortable. He looks up toward the kitchen. Janine comes back in with coffee and sits next to Lee.

LEE
I'm sorry...

GEORGE
That's OK, buddy. It's OK...

JANINE
Lee? Have some coffee. Come on.
Drink this...

Lee takes the coffee and keeps crying. George and Janine exchange a look.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Patrick comes in, followed by Lee. Lee moves slowly past him into the living room.

INT. JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Patrick walks in and takes a long look at Lee's THREE FRAMED PHOTOS.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee lies on the sofa nursing a beer, his face swollen and cut. Patrick comes in from the kitchen and hovers.

PATRICK
Can I get you anything, Uncle Lee?

LEE
No thanks, buddy.

PATRICK
OK. I'm goin' to bed.

LEE
Good night.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE -- DAY.

The sun shines over the house, the town, and the water.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN. DAY.

Lee puts some spaghetti sauce in a skillet and turns the flame on.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Lee is asleep on the sofa with a beer while the TV plays...A LITTLE HAND tugs at his SLEEVE.

SUZY (O.C.)

Daddy?

He turns his head and sees without surprise his DAUGHTERS seated next to him in their nightgowns. The BABY is in a playpen on the floor. SUZY, 7, is pulling his sleeve. Lee smiles at them.

LEE

Yes, honey?

SUZY

Can't you see we're burning?

LEE

No, honey...You're not burning.

LEE WAKES UP -- There's SMOKE coming from the KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

The blackened skillet is SMOKING. Lee comes in and puts it under the water in the sink. It hisses and steams.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Uncle Lee! What the hell's that smell?

LEE

I just burnt the sauce!
Everything's OK!

He grips the sink and tries to recover from his dream.

INT. LEE'S CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

Lee drives up George and Janine's street.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE. DAY.

PUSH IN: (MOS) LEE is seated at the dining table talking seriously with GEORGE and JANINE. It has the air of a conference.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Lee and Patrick eat dinner.

LEE

I got a job in Boston. It starts in July.

PATRICK

What is it?

LEE

Custodian, handyman...But just two buildings this time.

PATRICK

And what delightful Boston neighborhood have you selected for us to live in?

LEE

None.

PATRICK

What do you mean?

LEE

You don't have to move to Boston. I'm gonna be in Charlestown and George is gonna take you.

PATRICK

What?

LEE

Yeah. I talked to them last week. I explained the situation to them. Georgie Junior's goin' to school this fall. Jimmy graduates next year. We'll have to rent out this house. You can move back in when you turn eighteen. When you turn twenty-one, you're allowed to sell it or stay in it, or whatever you want. Definitely have to hire the boat out when the summer's over -- just like we talked about. I thought when you get your license, we can figure that one out as we go. I'm still the trustee, but all the financial stuff Joe set up for me is gonna get transferred over to George.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

So everything'll be the same,
except you don't have to move.

PATRICK

But...like, are they gonna be my
guardians? Or do you still --

LEE

They're gonna adopt you. (Pause)
Anyway, that's how I set it up. If
you want. It's up to you.

PATRICK

So are you gonna just
disappear?

LEE (CONT'D)

You don't have to do it. No.
No. I just set it up so you
can stay here. They're really
glad to have you. They love
you.

PATRICK

I know. I mean, they're great...But
why can't you stay?

Patty starts crying.

LEE

Come on, Patty...I can't beat it.
(Pause) I can't beat it. I'm sorry.

Patrick wipes his eyes. Lee comes over and hugs him.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET/ROSEDALE CEMETERY. DAY.

Patrick walks along the street. The TREES he passes have BUDS
or BLOSSOMS. It's early SPRING. He snaps a dead branch off a
tree. He runs it across a fence as he walks. We REVEAL that
he is headed for the cemetery gate. He goes into the
cemetery.

He pokes his stick into the ground to see if it's softened
up. It has. He digs up some clods. He walks away.

EXT. AN OLD MANCHESTER HOUSE. DAY.

A MILNE PLUMBING & HEATING VAN is parked in the driveway.

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

Lee is kneeling on the floor in coveralls, working on the hot-
water heater. The HOMEOWNER, in his 80s, stands by watching.

HOMEOWNER
What do you think?

LEE
I think you're gonna be OK.

HOMEOWNER
Are you one of Stan Chandler's
boys?

LEE
Yeah, I'm Lee.

HOMEOWNER
I used to play a little chess with
your father a long time ago. He was
a heck of a chess player.

LEE
That's him.

HOMEOWNER
He's not still living, is he?

LEE
No.

HOMEOWNER
And one of the sons passed away
recently I heard.

LEE
Yeah. Joe. My brother.

HOMEOWNER
That's right. Very personable man.

LEE
Yeah.

HOMEOWNER
My father passed away in 1959. A
young man. Worked on a tuna boat.
Went out one morning, little bit of
weather, nothing dramatic...And he
never returned. No signal. No
Mayday. No one ever knew what
happened.

Lee continues to work on the heater.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE WINDOW. DAY.

Past the BLOSSOMS on the tree outside Wes' window, we see
GEORGE, LEE and WES, signing documents.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

There is a "FOR RENT BY OWNER" SIGN outside the house. Lee's car is in the yard. Also Patrick's bicycle.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

(MOS) Joe's burial service. PATRICK, LEE, GEORGE and JANINE all stand in a row at the front. RANDI holds a CRYING BABY. She gives him to JOSH, who steps away.

CU: CHANDLER TOMBSTONE. Engraved are the names of Lee's parents and now Joe.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE TOWN. DAY.

A beautiful early spring day. Lots of boats in the water.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET -- CORNER GROCERY STORE. DAY.

Lee and Patrick walk up the street, still in their funeral clothes.

PATRICK

I'm gonna get some ice cream.

LEE

Go ahead.

PATRICK

Can I have some money?

LEE

Yeah.

Lee gives him a ten-dollar bill. Patrick goes inside. Lee picks up an old rubber ball from the ground and bounces it up and down. Patrick comes out with an ice cream bar.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET. DAY.

Lee and Patrick trudge up a steeply inclined street. Lee occasionally bounces the ball.

PATRICK

So...When am I supposed to move in with Georgie?

LEE

July. I don't even have a place to live yet.

PATRICK
Don't they give you an apartment?

LEE
Yeah, but I was gonna try to get a place with an extra room. Or room for like a pullout sofa.

PATRICK
What for?

LEE
In case you wanna visit sometime. Or if you're lookin' at colleges in Boston or somethin' and you wanna stay overnight...

PATRICK
I'm not goin' to college.

LEE
All right, well then I'll have an extra room for all my *shit*. Do we have to talk about this now?

PATRICK
Nope.

He tosses away his ice cream stick.

After a minute Lee wipes his eyes. He bounces the ball and tosses it to Patrick. It goes wide and bounces crazily.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Great throw.

LEE
Just let it go.

Patrick runs to gets the ball. They continue to walk up the hill, bouncing the ball across the street to each other and chasing it when it rolls back down the hill.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE TOWN -- JOE'S BOAT. DAY.

Lee and Patrick head out to fish. Patrick drives the boat. Lee sets up the fishing gear.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -- Lee and Patrick are seated, fishing off the back of the boat. They talk quietly. Lee looks a little better than we've seen him. He squints at the sea and the wide open sky.

FADE OUT.

THE END